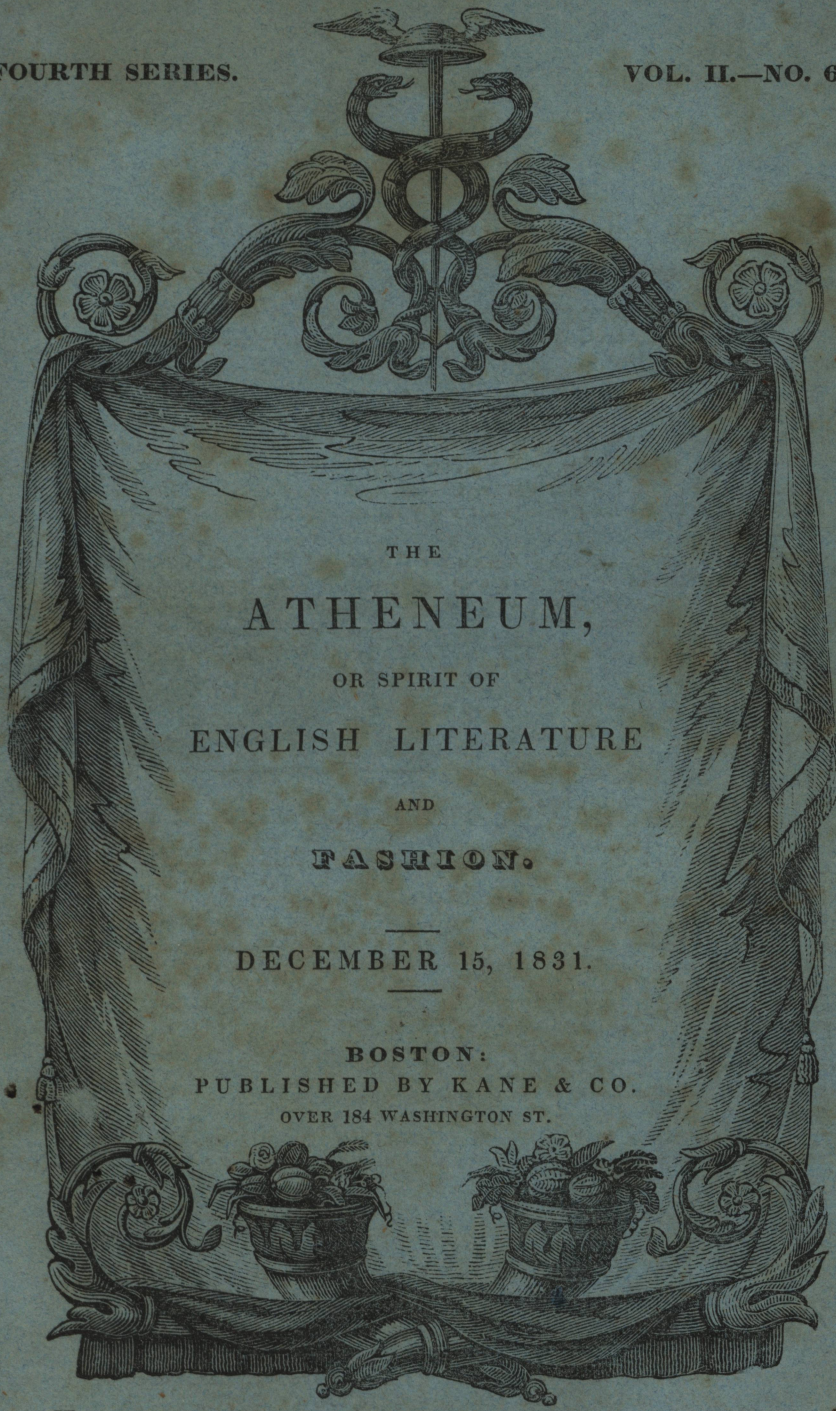
WHOLE NUMBER, CCCLXXVIII.

FOURTH SERIES. VOL. II.—NO. 6.



THE

ATHENEUM,

OR SPIRIT OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE

AND

FASHION.

DECEMBER 15, 1831.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY KANE & CO.
OVER 184 WASHINGTON ST.

Twenty-four Numbers a year, with Twenty-four Plates.

PRINTED BY CLAPP AND HULL, 184 WASHINGTON STREET.

HEWITT & CO.

No. 83 Washington Street, Joy's Building,

IMPORTERS OF

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS,

PERFUMERY, AND MUSICAL MERCHANDIZE,

HAVE constantly for sale, at their Ware Rooms, an extensive assortment of the following articles, at the lowest cash prices, viz:—

Mahogany and Rosewood Work Boxes; Dressing Cases and Writing Desks; Backgammon and Chess Boards; Chessmen; Dissected Games, of every kind, for the instruction and amusement of Children; Rosewood, Bone and Pearl Articles; Cutlery; every article for the Toilet, viz. Oils, Essences, Soaps, Powders, &c.; Hair, Flesh, Nail, Tooth, Hat, and Cloth Brushes; Ivory, Shell and Horn Combs; &c. &c.

Violins, Violincellos, Guitars, Flutes, Clarionets, Fifes, Flageolets, Horns, Bugles, Trumpets, Trambones; Strings for every Instrument; Clarionet and Bassoon Reeds, &c. &c.

H. & CO. have been appointed Agents for the sale of Messrs. Nunn's Superior PIANO FORTES, and they keep always on hand, at their Ware Rooms, an extensive assortment of these Instruments. They are also Agents for the sale of Messrs. Meacham & Pond's Instruments.

All the new and fashionable MUSIC may be found at their Ware Rooms; Instruction Books for every instrument; Music Paper and Blank Books.

PIANO FORTES Tuned, and Let for any term.

Boston, Oct. 15, 1831.

PENDLETON'S ESTABLISHMENT.

☞ NO. 1 GRAPHIC COURT, 221 WASHINGTON ST.

ENGRAVINGS of all kinds, executed on Steel and Copper; CARDS, Visiting, Professional, Invitation and Business; COPPERPLATE PRINTING in all its branches; LITHOGRAPHIC DRAWINGS, and PRINTING of every description.

☞ Particular attention paid to the execution either of Engraved or Lithographic Copies of Portraits and Miniatures; Views of Public and Private Buildings; Surveys, Maps of Towns, &c. &c.; Plans of all kinds of Machinery, Specification; Drawings for Patents; Invitation and Business Circulars, Reports, &c. in facsimile or otherwise—also, to every description of EMBELLISHMENT for BOOK WORK, and at every variety of price and finish.

☞ Stones, and all necessaries for Lithographic Drawing, supplied to Artists and Amateurs; Instruction furnished without any charge.

*** Best Plate Music, and on Tinted Paper, at the lowest prices. English and French Engravings and Lithographic Prints always on hand, and all novelties in the Arts regularly imported.

Boston, Oct. 11.

FURNITURE AND UPHOLSTERY WAREHOUSE.

WILLIAM HANCOCK, Upholsterer, Nos. 37 to 45 Cornhill (late Market Street,) BOSTON,

HAS on hand, and is constantly manufacturing, every article in the Cabinet and Chair Line

Orders gratefully received and faithfully executed.

UPHOLSTERY GOODS of all kinds, and the business as usual attended to in all its branches.

☞ Feathers of every description, Beds, Mattresses, &c. &c. &c.

Nov. 1

☞ CONCERT HALL DANCING ACADEMY.

MR. WILLIAMS, from London, Teacher of Dancing, has the honor to inform the Parents and Guardians of Young Ladies, Misses and Masters, that his DAY SCHOOL, for their instruction, will commence on WEDNESDAY, Oct. 19th, at Concert Hall, which has been newly fitted up for the purpose.—Days of Tuition every *Wednesday* and *Saturday* afternoon, from 3 until 6 o'clock.

TERMS.—$8 per quarter. The most modern style of steps as well as figures will be taught.

☞ Mr. W.'s place of residence is 196 Tremont Street, a few doors from Court Street. Oct. 15.

WILLIAM T. ASHTON,

241

WASHINGTON STREET,

BOSTON.

Combs, Fancy Goods and Hair Work, of every description.

Oct. 15.

PARIS HAIR WORK,

OF the most approved Style and latest Patterns, and of every variety, constantly on hand at E. E. DYER'S, 98 Washington Street.

☞ Persons in want of Hair Work of *any description*, Wholesale or Retail, may depend upon finding the most extensive assortment, and at as low prices as they can be procured in the country.

Boston, Oct. 15.

TREMONT CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

24 *Court Street, Boston.*

THIS LIBRARY will be constantly supplied with the new Literature of the day.

For sale, as above, a general assortment of STAPLE and FANCY STATIONARY.

B. FRANKLIN EDMANDS.

Oct. 15.

J. P. HURLBERT,

No. 25 *Court Street, Boston,*

IMPORTER of French PAPER HANGINGS; Fire Board Prints; Velvet and Common Borders; Fancy Embossed, Figured, and Plain Fancy Papers; French Fancy WORK and TOILET BOXES; Fancy Goods.

Manufacturer of PAPER HANGINGS, of all Prices and Patterns; Paste Board Fancy Boxes, for packing all kinds of Fancy and Dry Goods; Bonnet and Hat Boxes constantly on hand, and made to order, Wholesale and Retail.

Oct. 15.

FRESH GOODS.

FOR SALE at No. 37 Court Street, opposite the Court House,

Bead Bags and Purses; Ladies' and Gentlemen's Pocket Books and Wallets; Segar Cases; Pocket Ink Cases; Traveling Inkstands; Ink Chests; Snuff Boxes, Long Silk Purses; Leather do.; Steel and Plated Pocket Lights; Green Shades; small Thermometers; Bronzed Napoleons; Porcelain Visiting Cards, gilt and plain; Smelling Bottles; Bone Chessmen; Fancy Boxes, a large assortment; Ever-pointed Pencil Cases; Chinese Feather Dusters; Note Cases, Ivory and Pearl; Toilet Bottles; Fancy Trunks, Books, &c.; Splendid Furnished Work Boxes; Port Folios; fine red Sealing Wax, plain, embossed and colored; Spangled do. Boxes assorted; Cut Glass Inks; India Folders; Dissected Maps, Pictures, &c.; Toy Slates; Red Wafers; Pea do.; Red Safe Drawing Instruments; Measuring Tapes; Battledores and Shuttlecocks; Gold Strips and Ornaments, Gold and Silver, Morocco, Turkey Marble, Ivory and Drawing Papers; Rowland's Macassar Oil; do. Kalydor Essence of Tyre; Gowland's Lotion; Low's Fragment Perfume: Low's Royal Adelaide Perfume; Rowland's Odonto; Honey Lavender; Florida, Cologne and other waters; 40 different kinds of Soap, &c. &c.

Also, a splendid collection of Colored and other Prints and Engravings.

Country Traders and others are requested to call before purchasing.

SAMUEL K. BAYLEY.

Boston, Nov. 1.

RICH AND ELEGANT BURNISH AND OIL GILT FRAMES,

FOR Looking Glasses, Portraits, and Pictures, of every description, made by RING & CABOT, No. 60 Cornhill, Boston.

Constantly on hand, Looking Glasses of all sizes and patterns, at low prices.

Nov. 1.

KIMBALL,

12 *Washington Street, Boston,*

MANUFACTURER of all kinds of Suspenders, Stocks, Riding Belts, Cravat Stiffeners, Silk and Cotton Suspender Web, Stock Frames, &c. &c.; dealer in every variety of White and Colored Shirts, Shirt Bosoms, Collars; Linen, Flannel, and Deerskin Under Shirts and Drawers; White Dress Stocks: together with an assortment of Gloves, Hosiery, &c., which render his store a complete furnishing establishment for strangers and gentlemen traveling.

*** *As inventor of the improved Stock Frame, all persons are cautioned against infringing upon the Patent.* Nov. 1.

THE ATHENEUM,

FOR DECEMBER 15, 1831.

EMBELLISHED WITH A LITHOGRAPHIC PRINT OF

THE TOMB OF ROUSSEAU.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Love and Authorship	249
Away ! Away ! Oh do not say.—By William Motherwell	262
Miss Mitford	263
Anti-Innovator	267
The Spirit of the Sea	270
The Rivingtons	273
Random Thoughts.—By Mrs. Moodie	280
The Duke d'Aremberg	281
Caste	285
Colonel Rebsomen	287
The Court of Chancery of Great Britain	288
Tomb of Rousseau.—*With an Engraving*	291
VARIETIES.—The Month of July—Grand Duke Michael—The Polish Aristocracy—Aphorisms—The Murder of Beccafumi—Eccentricity—Excessive Friendship—The Danish Vulgate—Conjugal Complaisance—The Grand Duchess Helene and Prince Frederick of Wirtemburg—Betting—Polish Chiefs—Narrow Escape	293

☞ If subscribers do not receive the next number of the Atheneum on the 1st of January, they may expect a double number on the 10th.

☞ The PRICE of the Atheneum is reduced to $5,00 *in advance*, commencing with Volume II, October 1, 1831.

☞ Publishers exchanging with the Atheneum, will please direct their Journals to KANE & CO. If simply directed to the "Atheneum," they are often sent to the Institution of that name, located in this city.

GUITAR TUITION.

MR. J. B. COUPA, No. 6 Sewall Place, Boston. Guitars also for sale or to let.
Dec. 1.

JOHN B. JONES,

No. 123 *Washington Street*,

IMPORTER of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Plated, Britannia and Japanned Wares, Cutlery, and Fancy Goods.

ALSO,

Manufactures Jewelry and Silver Ware, in every variety, and keeps constantly on hand a great variety of the above articles, which will be sold at the lowest prices.
Oct. 1.

PASTE AND LIQUID BLACKING,

LEMON Syrup and Tomato Ketchup, are manufactured in the best manner, and sold as cheap as at any other house, wholesale and retail, by J. LEWIS, manufacturer, No. 44 Congress Street.

*** A liberal discount to Country Dealers, and country manufactures and produce taken in exchange.—Empty bottles purchased. August 1.

JEWELRY.

WILLIAM M. WESSON, *No.* 105 *Washington Street, two doors South of Williams' Court*,

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND,

A variety of Jewelry of the most modern patterns, and at as low prices as can be found elsewhere.

ALSO,

A good assortment of Fancy Goods; Genuine Silver Spoons; Fancy Bags; Scissors, with and without names; Penknives, &c. Oct. 1.



Pendleton's Lithog. Boston

ROUSSEAU'S TOMB.

For Kane & Co's. Atheneum.

LOVE AND AUTHORSHIP.

[ENGLISHMAN'S MAGAZINE.]—"Will you remember me, Rosalie?"

"Yes!"

"Will you keep your hand for me for a year?"

"Yes!"

"Will you answer me when I write to you?"

"Yes!"

"One request more—O Rosalie, reflect that my life depends upon your acquiescence—Should I succeed, will you marry me in spite of your uncle?"

"Yes!" answered Rosalie. There was no pause—reply followed question, as if it were a dialogue which they had got by heart—and by heart *indeed* they had got it—but I leave you to guess the book they had conned it from.

'Twas in a green lane, on a summer's evening, about nine o'clock, when the west, like a gate of gold, had shut upon the retiring sun, that Rosalie and her lover, hand in hand, walked up and down. His arm was the girdle of her waist; hers formed a collar for his neck, which a knight of the garter—ay, the owner of the sword that dubbed him—might well have been proud to wear. Their gait was slow, and face was turned to face; near were their lips while they spoke; and much of what they said never came to the ear, though their souls caught up every word of it.

Rosalie was upwards of five years the junior of her lover. She had known him since she was a little girl in her twelfth year. He was almost eighteen then, and when she thought far more about a doll than a husband, he would set her upon his knee, and call her his little wife. One, two, three years passed on, and still, whenever he came from college, and as usual went to pay his first visit at her father's, before he had been five minutes in the parlor, the door was flung open, and in bounded Rosalie, and claimed her accustomed seat. The fact was, till she was fifteen she was a child of a very slow growth, and looked the girl when many a companion of hers of the same age began to appear the woman.

When another vacation however came round, and Theodore paid his customary call, and was expecting his little wife, as usual, the door opened slowly, and a tall young lady entered, and curtseying, colored and walked to a seat next the lady of the house. The visiter stood up and bowed, and sat down again, without knowing that it was Rosalie.

"Don't you know Rosalie?" exclaimed her father.

"Rosalie!" replied Theodore in an accent of surprise; and approached his little wife of old, who rose and half gave him her hand, and curtseying, colored again; and sat down again without hardly interchanging a word with him. No wonder—she was four inches taller than when he had last seen her; and her bulk had expanded correspondingly, while her features, that half a year before gave one the idea of a sylph that would bound after a butterfly, had now mellowed in their expression, into the sentiment, the softness, and the reserve of the woman.

Theodore felt absolutely disappointed. Five minutes before, he was all volubility. No sooner was one question answered than he proposed

another—and he had so many capital stories for Rosalie, when she came down—and yet, when Rosalie did come down, he sat as though he had not a word to say for himself. In short, everything and everybody in the house seemed to have changed along with its young mistress; he felt no longer at home in it, as he was wont; and in less than a quarter of an hour he made his bow and departed.

Now this was exceedingly strange; for Rosalie, from a pretty little girl, had turned into a lovely young woman. If a heart looked out of her eyes before, a soul looked out of them now; her arm, which formerly the sun had been allowed to salute when he liked, and which used to bear the trace of many a kiss that he had given it, now shone white through a sleeve of muslin, like snow behind a veil of haze; her bosom had enlarged its wavy curve, and leaving her waist little more than the span it was, sat proudly heaving above it; and the rest of her form which, only six months ago, looked trim and airy in her short and close-fitting frock, now lengthening and throwing out its flowing line, stood stately in the folds of a long and ample drapery. Yet could not all this make up for the want of the little wife that used to come and take her seat upon Theodore's knee.

To be sure there was another way of accounting for the young man's chagrin. He might have been disappointed that Rosalie, when five feet four, should be a little more reserved than she used to be when she was only five feet nothing. Romantic young men, too, are apt to fancy odd things. Theodore was a *very* romantic young man; and having, perhaps, traced for himself the woman in the child—as one will anticipate, in looking at a peach that is just knit, the hue, and form, and flavor of the consummate fruit—he might have set Rosalie down in his mind as his wife in earnest, when he appeared to call her so only in jest.

Such was the case. Theodore never calculated that Rosalie knew nothing about his dreams—that she had no such visions herself; he never anticipated that the frankness of girlhood would vanish, as soon as the diffidence of young womanhood begun its blushing reign; the thought never occurred to him that the day would come when Rosalie would scruple to sit on his knee—ay, even though Rosalie should then begin to think upon him, as for many a year before he had thought upon her. He returned from college the fifth time; he found that the woman which he imagined in a year or two she would become, was surpassed by the woman that she already was; he remarked the withdrawal of confidence, the limitation of familiarity—the penalty which he must inevitably pay for her maturing—and he felt repelled and chilled and utterly disheartened by it.

For a whole week he never returned to the house. Three days of a second week elapsed, and still he kept away. He had been invited, however, to a ball which was to be given there the day following; and much as he was inclined to absent himself, being a little more inclined to go, he went.

Full three hours was he in the room without once setting eyes upon Rosalie. He saw her mother and her father, and talked with them: he saw squire this, and doctor that, and attorney such-a-one, and had fifty things to say to each of them; he had eyes and a tongue for everybody, but Rosalie—not a look or a word did he exchange with her; yet he was here and there and everywhere! In short he was all com-

municativeness and vivacity, so that every one remarked how bright he had become since his last visit to college!

At last, however, his fine spirits all at once seemed to forsake him, and he withdrew to the library, which was lighted up for the occasion as an anti-room, and taking a volume out of the book-case, threw himself into a chair and began to turn over the leaves.

"Have you forgotten your little wife?" said a soft voice near him—'twas Rosalie's—"if you *have*," she added, as he started from his seat, "she has not forgotten you!"

She wore a carnation in her hair—the hue of the flower was not deeper than that of her cheek, as she stood and extended her hands to Theodore, who, the moment he rose, had held forth both of his.

"Rosalie!"

"Theodore!"—He led her to a sofa, which stood in a recess on the opposite side of the room, and for five minutes not another word did they exchange.

At length she gently withdrew her hand from his—she had suffered him to hold it all that time—"We shall be observed," said she.

"Ah, Rosalie," replied he, "nine months since you sat upon my knee, and they observed us, yet you did not mind it!"

"You know I am a woman now," rejoined Rosalie, hanging her head; "and—and—will you lead off the next dance with me?" cried she, suddenly changing the subject. "There now; I have asked you!" added she, "which is more than you deserve?"—of course Theodore was not at all happy to accept the challenge of the metamorphosed Rosalie.

One might suppose that the young lady's heart was interested, and that Theodore was a far happier man than he imagined himself to be. The fact was neither more nor less. Little Rosalie was proud of being called Theodore's wife, because she heard everybody else speak in praise of him. Many a marriageable young lady had she heard declare—not minding to speak before a child—that Theodore was the finest young man in B——; that she hoped Theodore would be at such or such a house where she was going to dine, or spend the evening; nay, that she would like to have a sweetheart like Theodore. Then would Rosalie interpose, and with a saucy toss of her head exclaim, that nobody should have Theodore but Rosalie, for Rosalie was his little wife. 'Twas thus she learned to admire the face and person of Theodore, who more than once paid for her acquired estimation of them; for sometimes before a whole room full of company she would march up to him, and scanning him from head to foot, with folded arms, at length declare aloud, that he *was* the handsomest young man in B——. Then Theodore was so kind to her, and thought so much of anything she did, and took such notice of her! Often, at a dance, he would make her his partner for the whole evening; and there was Miss Willoughby, perhaps, or Miss Millar, sitting down; either of whom would have given her eyes to stand up in a reel with Theodore.

But when the summer of her seventeenth year beheld her bursting into womanhood; when her expanding thoughts, from a bounding, fitful, rill-like current, began to run a deep, a broad, and steady stream; when she found that she was almost arrived at the threshold of the world, and reflected that the step which marks a female's first entrance into it is generally taken in the hand of a partner—the thought of who that partner might be, recalled Theodore to her mind—and her heart

fluttered as she asked herself the question—should she ever be indeed the wife of Theodore ?

When, this time, he paid his first visit, Rosalie was as much mortified as he was. Her vexation was increased when she saw that he absented himself; she resolved, if possible, to ascertain the cause; and persuaded her mother to give a ball, and specially invite the young gentleman. He came; she watched him; observed that he neither inquired after her nor sought for her; and marked the excellent terms that he was upon with twenty people, about whom she knew him to be perfectly indifferent. Women have a perception of the workings of the heart, far more quick and subtle than we have. She was convinced that all his fine spirits were forced—that he was acting a part. She suspected that while he appeared to be occupied with everybody but Rosalie—Rosalie was the only body that was running in his thoughts. She saw him withdraw to the library; she followed him, found him sitting down with a book in his hand, perceived, from his manner of turning over the leaves, that he was intent on anything but reading.—She was satisfied that he was thinking of nothing but Rosalie. The thought that Rosalie might one day indeed become his wife, now occurred to her for the thousandth time, and a thousand times stronger than ever; a spirit diffused itself through her heart which had never been breathed into it before, and filling it with hope and happiness, and unutterable contentment, irresistibly drew *it* towards him. She approached him, accosted him, and in a moment was seated with him, hand in hand, upon the sofa !

As soon as the dance was done, "Rosalie," said Theodore, "'tis almost as warm in the air as in the room; will you be afraid to take a turn with me in the garden ?"

"I shall get my shawl in a minute," said Rosalie, "and meet you there;" and the maiden was there almost as soon as he.

They proceeded, arm-in-arm, to the farthest part of the garden; and there they walked up and down without either seeming inclined to speak, as though their hearts could discourse through their hands, which were locked in one another.

"Rosalie !" at last breathed Theodore. "Rosalie !" breathed he a second time, before the expecting girl could summon courage to say "Well ?"

"I cannot go home to-night," resumed he, "without speaking to you." Yet Theodore seemed to be in no hurry to speak; for here he stopped, and continued silent so long, that Rosalie began to doubt whether he would open his lips again.

"Had we not better go in ?" said Rosalie, "I think I hear them breaking up."

"Not yet," replied Theodore.

"They'll miss us !" said Rosalie.

"What of that ?" rejoined Theodore.

"Nay," resumed the maid, "we have remained long enough, and at least allow me to go in."

"Stop but another minute, dear Rosalie !" imploringly exclaimed the youth.

"For what ?" was the maid's reply.

"Rosalie," without a pause resumed Theodore, "you used to sit upon my knee, and let me call you wife. Are those times passed for-

ever ? Dear Rosalie !—will you never let me take you on my knee and call you wife again ? "

" When we have done with our girl-hood, we have done with our plays," said Rosalie.

" I do not mean *in play*," dear Rosalie, cried Theodore. " It is not playing at man and wife to walk, as such, out of church. Will you marry me, Rosalie ? "

Rosalie was silent.

" Will you marry me ? " repeated he.

Not a word would Rosalie speak.

" Hear me ! " cried Theodore. " The first day, Rosalie, I took you upon my knee, and called you my wife, jest as it seemed to be, my heart was never more in earnest. That day I wedded you in my soul ; for though you were a child, I saw the future woman in you, rich in the richest attractions of your sex. Nay, do me justice ; recal what you yourself have known of me ; inquire of others. To whom did I play the suitor from that day ? To none but you, although to you I did not seem to play it. Rosalie ! was I not always with you ? Recollect now ! Did a day pass, when I was at home, without my coming to your father's house ? When there were parties there, whom did I sit beside, but you ? Whom did I stand behind at the piano forte, but you ? Nay, for a whole night, whom have I danced with, but you ? Whatever you might have thought *then*, can you believe *now*, that it was merely a playful child that could so have engrossed me ? No, Rosalie ! it was the virtuous, generous, lovely, loving woman, that I saw in the playful child. Rosalie ! for five years have I loved you, though I never declared it to you till now. Do you think I am worthy of you ? Will you give yourself to me ? Will you marry me ? Will you sit upon my knee again, and let me call you wife ? "

Three or four times Rosalie made an effort to speak ; but desisted, as if she knew not what to say, or was unable to say what she wished ; Theodore still holding her hand. At last, " Ask my father's consent ! " she exclaimed, and tried to get away ; but before she could effect it, she was clasped to the bosom of Theodore, nor released until the interchange of the first pledge of love had been forced from her bashful lips !——She did not appear, that night, in the drawing-room again.

Theodore's addresses were sanctioned by the parents of Rosalie. The wedding day was fixed—it wanted but a fortnight to it—when a malignant fever made its appearance in the town ; Rosalie's parents were the first victims. She was left an orphan at eighteen, and her uncle, by her mother's side, who had been nominated her guardian in a will, made several years, having followed his brother-in-law and sister's remains to the grave, took up his residence at B——.

Rosalie's sole consolation now, was such as she received from the society of Theodore ; but Theodore soon wanted consolation himself. His father was attacked by the fever and died, leaving his affairs, to the astonishment of every one, in a state of the most inextricable embarrassment ; for he had been looked upon as one of the wealthiest inhabitants of B——. This was a double blow to Theodore, but he was not aware of the weight of it till, after the interment of his father, he repaired, for the first time, to resume his visits to his Rosalie.

He was stepping up without ceremony to the drawing-room, when the servant begged his pardon for stopping him, telling him at the same

time, that he had received instructions from his master to show Theodore into the parlor when he should call.

"Was Miss Wilford there?"

"No."—Theodore was shown into the parlor. Of all savage brutes, the human brute is the most pernicious and revolting, because he unites to the evil properties of the inferior animal the mental faculties of the superior one—And then he is at large. A vicious tempered dog you can muzzle and render innocuous; but there is no preventing the human dog that bites from fleshing his tooth—he is sure to have it in somebody. And then the infliction is so immeasurably more severe!—the quick of the mind is so much more sensitive than that of the body! Besides, the savage that runs upon four legs is so inferior in performance to him that walks upon two! 'Tis he that knows how to gnaw! I have often thought it a pity and a sin that the man who plays the dog should be protected from dying the death of one. He should hang, and the other go free.

"Well, young gentleman!" was the salutation which Theodore received when he entered the parlor; "and pray what brings you here?"

Theodore was struck dumb; and no wonder.

"Your father, I understand, has died a beggar!—Do you think to marry my niece?" If Theodore respired with difficulty before, his breath was utterly taken away at this. He was a young man of spirit, but who can keep up his heart when his ship, all at once, is going down.

The human dog went on. "Young gentleman, I shall be plain with you, for I am a straightforward man; young women should mate with their matches—you are no match for my niece; so a good morning to you!"—Now more in place to have wished him a good halter! Saying this, the straightforward savage walked out of the room, leaving the door wide open, that Theodore might have room for egress; and steadily walked up stairs.

It was several minutes before he could recover his self recollection. When he did so he rang the bell.

"Tell your master I wish to speak to him," said Theodore to the servant who answered it. The servant went up stairs after his master, and returned.

"I am sorry, Sir," said he, "to be the bearer of such an errand; but my master desires you instantly to quit the house; and has commanded me to tell you that he has given me orders not to admit you again."

"I must see Miss Wilford!" exclaimed Theodore.

"You cannot, Sir!" respectfully remarked the servant; "for she is locked in her own room; but you can send a message to her," added he in a whisper, "and I will be the bearer of it. There is not a servant in the house, Mr. Theodore, but is sorry for you to the soul."

This was so much in season, and was so evidently spoken from the heart, that Theodore could not help catching the honest fellow by the hand. Here the drawing-room bell was rung violently.

"I must go, Sir," said the servant; "what message to my mistress?"

"Tell her to give me a meeting, and to apprize me of the time and

place," said Theodore; and the next moment the hall-door was shut upon him.

One may easily imagine the state of the young fellow's mind. To be driven with insult and barbarity from the house in which he had been received a thousand times with courtesy and kindness; which he looked upon as his own! Then, what was to be done? Rosalie's uncle, after all, had told him nothing but the truth. His father had died a beggar! Dear as Rosalie was to Theodore, his own pride recoiled at the idea of offering her a hand which was not the master of a shilling! Yet was not Theodore portionless. His education was finished; that term he had completed his collegiate studies. If his father had not left him a fortune, he had provided him with the means of making one himself; at all events, of commanding a competency. He had the credit of being a young man of decided genius too. "I will not offer Rosalie a beggar's hand!" exclaimed Theodore, "I shall ask her to remain true to me for a year; and I'll go up to London, and maintain myself by my pen. It may acquire me fame as well as fortune; and then I may marry Rosalie!"

This was a great deal of work to be done in a year; but if Theodore was not a man of genius, he possessed a mind of that sanguine temperament, which is usually an accompaniment of the richer gift. Before the hour of dinner all his plans were laid, and he was ready to start for London. He waited now for nothing but a message from Rosalie, and as soon as the sweet girl could send it, it came to him. It appointed him to meet her in the green lane after sunset. The sun had scarcely set when he was there; and there, too, was Rosalie. He found that she was Rosalie still. Fate had stripped him of fortune; but she could not persuade Rosalie to refuse him her hand, or her lip; when, half way down the lane, she heard a light, quick step behind her, and, turning—beheld Theodore.

Theodore's wishes, as I before stated, were granted soon as communicated; and now nothing remained but to say good bye—perhaps the hardest thing to two young lovers. Rosalie stood passive in the arms of Theodore, as he took the farewell kiss, which appeared as if it would join his lips to hers forever, instead of tearing them away. She heard her name called from a short distance, and in a half suppressed voice; she started, and turned towards the direction whence the pre-concerted warning came; she heard it again; she had stopped till the last moment! She had half withdrawn herself from Theodore's arms; she looked at him; flung her own around him, and burst into tears upon his neck!—In another minute there was nobody in the lane.

London is a glorious place for a man of talent to make his way in—provided he has extraordinary good luck. Nothing but merit can get on there; nothing is sterling that is not of its coinage. Our provincial towns won't believe that gold is gold unless it has been minted in London. There is no trickery there; no treating, no canvassing, no intrigue, no coalition! There, worth has only to show itself if it wishes to be killed with kindness! London tells the truth! You may swear to what it says—whatsoever may be proved to the contrary. The cause—the cause is everything in London! Show but your craft, and straight your brethren come crowding around you, and if they find you worthy, why you shall be brought into notice—even though they should tell a lie for it and damn you. Never trouble yourself about

getting on by interest in London ! Get on by yourself. Posts are filled there by merit ; or if the man suits not the office, why the office is made to adapt itself to the man, and so there is unity after all ! What a happy fellow was Theodore to find himself in such a place as London !

He was certainly happy in one thing : the coach in which he came set him down at a friend's, whose circumstances were narrow, but whose heart was large—a curate of the Church of England. Strange that, with all the appurtenances of hospitality at its command, abundance should allow it to be said, that the kindest welcome which adversity usually meets with is that which it receives from adversity ! If Theodore found that the house was a cold one to what he had been accustomed, the warmth of the greeting made up for it. " They breakfasted at nine, dined at four, and, if he could sleep upon the sofa, why there was a bed for him ! " In a day he was settled, and at his work.

And upon what did Theodore found his hopes of making a fortune, and rising to fame in London ?—Upon writing a play. At an early period he had discovered, as his friends imagined, a talent for dramatic composition ; and having rather sedulously cultivated that branch of literature, he thought he would now try his hand in one bold effort, the success of which should determine him as to his future course in life. The play was written, presented, and accepted ; the performers were ready in their parts ; the evening of representation came on, and Theodore, seated in the pit beside his friend, at last, with a throbbing heart, beheld the curtain rise. The first and second acts went off smoothly, and with applause.

Two gentlemen were placed immediately in front of Theodore " What do you think of it ? " said the one to the other.

" Rather tame," was the reply.

" Will it succeed ? "

" Doubtful."

The third act, however, decided the fate of the play ; the interest of the audience became so intense, that at one particular stage of the action, numbers in the second and third rows of the side boxes stood up, and the clapping of hands was universal, intermingled with cries of " bravo ! " from every part of the theatre. " 'Twill do," was now the remark, and Theodore breathed a little more freely than he had done some ten minutes ago. Not to be too tedious, the curtain fell amidst shouts of approbation, unmingled with the slightest demonstration of displeasure, and the author had not twenty friends in the house.

If Theodore did not sleep that night, it was not from inquietude of mind—contentment was his repose. His most sanguine hopes had been surpassed ; the fiat of a London audience had stamped him a dramatist ; the way to fortune was open and clear, and Rosalie would be his.

Next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Theodore and his friend repaired to the coffee-room. " We must see what the critics say," remarked the latter. Theodore, with prideful confidence,—the offspring of fair success,—took up the first morning print that came to his hand. *Theatre Royal* met his eye. " Happy is the successful dramatist ! " exclaimed Theodore to himself ; " at night he is greeted by the applauses of admiring thousands, and in the morning they are repeated, and echoed all over the kingdom through the medium of the

press ! What will Rosalie say when her eye falls upon this ! "—And what, indeed, would Rosalie say when she read the utter damnation of her lover's drama, which the critic denounced from the beginning to the end, without presenting his readers with a single quotation to justify the severity of his strictures !

" 'Tis very odd ! " said Theodore.

" 'Tis very odd, indeed ! " rejoined his friend, repeating his words. " You told me this play was your own, and here I find that you have copied it from half a dozen others that have been founded upon the same story."

" Where ? " inquired Theodore, reaching for the paper.

" There ! " said his friend, pointing to the paragraph.

" And is this London ! " exclaimed Theodore. " I never read a play, nor the line of a play, upon the same subject. Why does not the writer prove the plagiarism ? "

" Because he does not know whether it is or is not a plagiarism," rejoined the other. " He is aware that several other authors have constructed dramas upon the same passage in history ; and—to draw the most charitable inference, for you would not suspect him of telling a deliberate lie—he thinks you have seen them, and have availed yourself of them."

" Is it not the next thing to a falsehood," indignantly exclaimed Theodore, " to advance a charge, of the justness of which you have not assured yourself ? "

" I know not that," rejoined his friend ; " but it certainly indicates a rather superficial reverence for truth ; and a disposition to censure, which excludes from all claim to ingenuousness the individual who indulges it."

" And this will go the round of the whole kingdom ? "

" Yes."

" Should I not contradict it ? "

" No."

" Why ? "

" 'Tis beneath you ; besides, the stamp of malignancy is so strong upon it, that, except to the utterly ignorant, it is harmless ; and even these, when they witness your play themselves, as sometime or another they will, will remember the libel, to the cost of its author and to your advantage. I see you have been almost as hardly treated by this gentleman," continued he, glancing over the paper which Theodore had taken up when he entered the room. " Are you acquainted with any of the gentlemen of the press ? "

" No ; and is it not therefore strange that I should have enemies among them ? "

" Not at all."

" Why ? "

" Because you have succeeded. Look over the rest of the journals," continued his friend ; " you may find salve, perhaps, for these scratches."

Theodore did so ; and in one or two instances salve, indeed, he found ; but upon the whole he was in little danger of being spoiled through the praises of the press. " Why," exclaimed Theodore, " why do not letters enlarge the soul, while they expand the mind ? Why do they not make men generous and honest ? Why is not every literary man an illustration of Juvenal's axiom ? "

"Teach a dog what you may," rejoined his friend, "can you alter his nature, so that the brute shall not predominate ?"

"No," replied Theodore.

"You are answered," said his friend.

The play had what is called a run, but not a decided one. Night after night it was received with the same enthusiastic applauses ; but the audiences did not increase. It was a victory without the acquisition of spoils or territory. "What can be the meaning of this ?" exclaimed Theodore ; "we seem to be moving, and yet do not advance an inch !"

"They should paragraph the play as they do a pantomime," remarked his friend. "But then a pantomime is an expensive thing ; they will lay out a thousand pounds upon one, and they must get their money back. The same is the case with their melo-dramas ; so, if you want to succeed to the height, as a play-wright, you know what to do."

"What ?" inquired Theodore.

"Write melo-dramas and pantomimes !"

Six months had now elapsed, and Theodore's purse, with all his success, was rather lighter than when he first pulled it out in London. However, in a week two bills which he had taken from his publisher would fall due, and then he would run down to B——, and perhaps obtain an interview with Rosalie. At the expiration of the week his bills were presented, and dishonored ! He repaired to his publisher's for an explanation—the house had stopped ! Poor Theodore ! They were in the Gazette that very day ! Theodore turned into the first coffee-room to look at a paper : there were, indeed, the names of the firm ! "I defy fortune to serve me a scurvier trick !" exclaimed Theodore, the tears half starting into his eyes. He little knew the lady whose ingenuity he was braving.

He looked now at one side of the paper, and now at the other, thinking all the while of nothing but the bills and the bankrupts' list. *Splendid Fête at B——* met his eye, and soon his thoughts were occupied with nothing but B—— : for there he read that the young lord of the manor having just come of age, had given a ball and supper, the former of which he opened with the lovely and accomplished Miss Rosalie—The grace of the fair couple was expatiated upon ; and the editor took occasion to hint, that a pair so formed by nature for each other might probably, before long, take hands in another, a longer, and more momentous dance. What did Theodore think of Fortune now ?

"O that it were but a stride to B—— !" he exclaimed, as he laid down the paper, and his hand dropped nerveless at his side. He left the coffee-house, and dreamed his way back to his friend's ; gigs, carriages, carts rolled by him unheeded ; the foot-path was crowded, but he saw not a soul in the street. He was in the ball-room at B——, and looking on while the young lord of the manor handed out Rosalie to lead her down the dance, through every figure of which Theodore followed them with his eyes with scrutinizing glance, scanning the countenance of his mistress. Then the set was over, and he saw them walking arm-in-arm up and down the room ; and presently they were dancing again ; and now the ball was over, and he followed them to the supper-room, where he saw the young lord of the manor place him. His fancy changed the scene from the supper-

room to the church, at the altar of which stood Rosalie with his happy rival; and he heard the questions and responses which forge the mystic chain that binds for life; and he saw the ring put on, and heard the blessing which announces that the nuptial sacrament is complete! His hands were clenched; his cheek was in a flame; a wish was rising in his throat—"Good news for you," said some one clapping him on the back; "a letter from Rosalie lies for you at home. Why are you passing the house?" 'Twas his friend.

"A letter from Rosalie!" exclaimed Theodore. Quickly he retraced his steps, and there on his table lay, indeed, the dear missive of his Rosalie.

"Welcome, sweet comforter!" ejaculated Theodore, as he kissed the cyphers which his Rosalie's hand had traced, and the wax which bore the impress of her seal—"welcome, O welcome! you come in time; you bring an ample solace for disappointment, mortification, poverty—whatever my evil destiny can inflict! You have come to assure me that they cannot deprive me of my Rosalie!"

Bright was his eye, and glistening while he spoke; but when he opened the fair folds that conveyed to him the thoughts of his mistress, its radiancy was gone!

"THEODORE,

"I am aware of the utter frustration of your hopes. I am convinced that at the end of a year you will not be a step nearer to fortune than you are now; why then keep my hand for you? What I say briefly, you will interpret fully. You are now the guardian of my happiness—as such I address you. Thursday—so you consent—will be my wedding-day. ROSALIE."

Such was the letter, upon the address and seal of which Theodore had imprinted a score of kisses before he opened it. "Fortune is in the mood," said Theodore with a sigh, so deeply drawn, that any one who had heard it would have imagined he had breathed his spirit out along with it—"Fortune is in the mood, and let her have her humor out! I shall answer the letter; my reply to her shall convey what she desires—nothing more! she is incapable of entering into my feelings, and unworthy of being made acquainted with them; I shall not condescend even to complain."

"ROSALIE,

"You are free!

"THEODORE."

Such was the answer which Theodore despatched to Rosalie. O the enviable restlessness of the mind upon the first shock of thwarted affection! How it turns every way for the solace which it feels it can no where meet with, except in the perfect extinction of consciousness. Find it an anodyne!—you cannot. A drug may close the eye for a time, but the soul will not sleep a wink; it lies broad awake to agony, distinct, palpable, immediate, howsoever memory may be cheated to lose for the present the traces of the cause. Then for the start, the spasm, the groan, which, while the body lies free, attest the presence and activity of the mental rack! Better walk than go to sleep!—A heath, without a soul but yourself upon it!—an ink-black sky, pouring down torrents—wind, lightning, thunder, as though the vault above was crackling and disparting into fragments!—anything to mount

above the pitch of your own solitude, and darkness, and tempest, and overcome them, or attract and divert your contemplation from them, or threaten every moment to put an end to them and you !

Theodore's friend scarcely knew him the next morning. He glanced at him, and took no further notice. 'Twas the best way, though people there are who imagine that it rests with a man in a fever, at his own option to remain in it, or to become convalescent.

Theodore's feelings were more insupportable to him the second day than the first. He went here and there and everywhere ; and nowhere could he remain two minutes at a time at rest. Then he was so abstracted. Crossing a street he was nearly run over by a vehicle and four. This for a moment awakened him. He saw London and B—— upon the pannels of the coach. The box seat was empty ; he asked if it was engaged. " No." He sprung upon it, and away they drove. " I'll see her once more," exclaimed Theodore, " it can but drive me mad, or break my heart."

Within a mile of B—— a splendid barouch passed them. " Whose is that ? " inquired Theodore.

" The young Lord of the Manor's," answered the driver. " Did you see the lady in it ? "

" No."

" I caught a glimpse of her dress," said the driver. " I'll warrant she's a dashing one ! The young squire, they say, has a capital taste ! " Theodore looked after the carriage. There was nothing but the road. The vehicle drove at a rapid pace, and was soon out of sight. Theodore's heart turned sick.

The moment the coach stopped he alighted ; and with a misgiving mind he stood at the door which had often admitted him to his Rosalie. 'Twas opened by a domestic whom he had never seen before. " Was Miss Wilford within ? " " No." " When would she return ? " " Never. She had gone that morning to London to be married ! Theodore made no further inquiries, neither did he offer to go, but stood glaring upon the man more like a spectre than a human being. " Anything more ? " said the man, retreating into the house and gradually closing the door, through which now only a portion of his face could be seen. " Anything more ? " Theodore made no reply ; in fact he had lost all consciousness. At last the shutting of the door, which, half from panic, half from anger, the man pushed violently to, aroused him. " I shall knock at you no more ! " said he, and departed, pressing his heart with his hand, and moving his limbs as if he cared not how, or whither they bore him. A gate suddenly stopped his progress ; 'twas the entrance to the green lane. He stepped over the stile—he was on the spot where he had parted last from Rosalie—where she had flung her arms about his neck and wept upon it. His heart began to melt, for the first time since he had received her letter : a sense of suffocation came over him, till he felt as if he would choke. The name of Rosalie was on his tongue ; twice he attempted to articulate it, but could not. At last it got vent in a convulsive sob, which was followed by a torrent of tears. He threw himself upon the ground —he wept on—he made no effort to check the flood, but let it flow till forgetfulness stopped it.

He rose with a sensation of intense cold. 'Twas morning ! He had slept ! Would he had slept on ! He turned from the sun, as it rose without a cloud upon the wedding morn of Rosalie. 'Twas Thursday.

He repassed the stile ; and, in a few minutes, was on his road to London, which he entered about eleven o'clock at night, and straight proceeded to his friend's. They were gone to bed.

"Give me a light," said Theodore, "I'll go to bed."

"Your bed is occupied, Sir," replied the servant.

"Is it ?" said Theodore ; "well, I can sleep upon the carpet." He turned into the parlor, drew a chair towards the table, upon which the servant had placed a light, and sat down. All was quiet for a time. Presently he heard a foot upon the stair ; 'twas his friend's, who was descending, and now entered the parlor.

"I thought you were a-bed," said Theodore.

"So I was," replied his friend, "but hearing your voice in the hall, I rose and came down to you." He drew a chair opposite to Theodore. Both were silent for a time ; at length Theodore spoke.

"Rosalie is married," said he.

"I don't believe it."

"She is going to be married to the young Lord of the Manor."

"I don't believe it."

"She came to town with him yesterday."

"I don't believe it."

Theodore pushed back his chair, and stared at his friend.

"What do you mean ?" said Theodore.

"I mean that I entertain some doubts as to the accuracy of your grounds for concluding that Rosalie is inconstant to you."

"Did I not read the proof of it in the public papers ?"

"The statement may have been erroneous."

"Did not her own letter assure me of it ?"

"You may have misunderstood it."

"I tell you I have been at B—— ; I have been at her house. I inquired for her, and was told she had gone up to London to be married ! O my friend," continued he, covering his eyes with his handkerchief, "'tis useless to deceive ourselves. I am a ruined man ! You see to what she has reduced me. I shall never be myself again ! Myself ! I tell you I existed in *her* being more than my own. She was the soul of all I thought, and felt, and did ; the primal, vivifying principle ! She has murdered me ! I breathe, it is true, and the blood is in my veins, and circulates ; but everything else about me is death—hopes ! wishes ! interests !—there is no pulse, no respiration there ! I should not be sorry were there none anywhere else ! Feel my hand," added he, reaching his hand across the table, without removing his handkerchief from his eyes ; for the sense of his desolation had utterly unmanned him, and his tears continued to flow. "Feel my hand. Does it not burn. A hearty fever, now, would be a friend," continued he, "and I think I have done my best to merit a call from such a visiter. The whole of the night before last I slept out in the open air. Guess where I took my bed. In the green lane—the spot where I parted last from Rosalie !"—He felt a tear drop upon the hand which he had extended—the tear was followed by the pressure of a lip. He uncovered his eyes, and turning them in wonderment to look upon his friend—beheld Rosalie sitting opposite to him !

For a moment or two he questioned the evidence of his senses—but soon was he convinced that it was indeed reality ; for Rosalie, quitting her seat, approached him, and breathing his name with an accent that

infused ecstacy into his soul, threw herself into his arms, that doubtingly opened to receive her.

* * * * * * * *

Looking over her father's papers Rosalie had found a more recent will, in which her union with Theodore had been fully sanctioned, and he himself constituted her guardian until it should take place. She was aware that his success in London had been doubtful; the generous girl determined that he should no longer be subjected to incertitude and disappointment; and she playfully wrote the letter which was a source of such distraction to her lover. From his answer she saw that he had totally misinterpreted her: she resolved in person to disabuse him of the error; and by offering to become his wife, at once to give him the most convincing proof of her sincerity and constancy. She arrived in London the very day that Theodore arrived in B——. His friend, who had known her from her infancy, received her as his daughter; and he and his wife listened with delight to the unfolding of her plans and intentions, which she freely confided to them. Late they sat up for Theodore that night, and when all hopes of his coming home were abandoned, Rosalie became the occupant of his bed. The next night, in a state of the most distressing anxiety, in consequence of his continued absence, she had just retired to her apartment, when a knock at the street door made her bound from her couch, upon which she had that moment thrown herself, and presently she heard her lover's voice at the foot of the stair. Scarcely knowing what she did, she attired herself, descended, opened the parlor door unperceived by Theodore, and took the place of their friendly host, who, the moment he saw her, beckoned her, and resigning his chair to her, withdrew.

The next evening a select party were assembled in the curate's little drawing-room, and Theodore and Rosalie were there. The lady of the house motioned the latter to approach her; she rose and was crossing Theodore, when he caught her by the hand and drew her upon his knee.

"Theodore!" exclaimed the fair one, coloring.

"My Wife!" was his reply, while he imprinted a kiss upon her lips. They had been married that morning.

AWAY! AWAY! OH DO NOT SAY.—By William Motherwell.

[Englishman's Magazine.]

Away! Away! oh do not say
He can prove false to me;
Let me believe this one brief day
In his fidelity.
Tell me that rivers backward flow,
That unsunn'd snows like firebrands glow;
I may believe that lay,
But never can believe that he
Is false—and fled away.

Ill acted part! ill acted part!
I knew his noble mind;

He could not break a trusting heart
 Nor leave his love behind.
Tell me yon sun will cease to rise,
Or stars, at night, to gem the skies;
 I may believe such lay,
But never can believe that He
 Is false—and fled away.

Can it be so? oh surely no!
 Must I, perforce, believe
That he I loved and trusted so,
 Vow'd only to deceive?
Heap coals of fire on this lone head,
Oh! in pure pity strike me dead,
 'Twere kindness in the day,
That tells me One I loved so well
 Is false—is fled away!

MISS MITFORD.

[New Monthly Magazine.]—Mary Russell Mitford is the only child of Dr. Mitford, a gentleman who in early life received a diploma as a Physician, but who many years ago retired from practice, and has since devoted a large portion of his time to the discharge of his duties as a Magistrate for Berkshire, to which those of a Magistrate for Wiltshire have been recently added. As Chairman of the most important and populous divisions of Berks, that which includes Reading, he has distinguished himself not only by his activity, but by those rarer qualities, a cordial sympathy with the pleasures and the sufferings of the laborers, and a disposition to make just allowance for their frailties. Miss Mitford's mother, whom she lost at the beginning of last year, was a lady of ancient family, and of singularly amiable manners. The greater part of her life has been spent with her parents in or near Three Mile Cross, a village so called from its being situated just three miles from Reading, and which by virtue of one of the happiest prerogatives of genius, has become classic ground. It straggles prettily up a gentle hill, on the road from Reading to Southampton, and is often pointed out to the traveller, as the scene of those pictures of rural life which have so often multiplied the enjoyments of country people and given the feeling of the fresh air to citizens.

In childhood, Miss Mitford was found to possess fine powers of observation and reflection; and, when scarcely on the verge of womanhood, she was persuaded into print; yet her first publication contained little whence either the vigor of her prose writings or the richness of her tragic vein could be suspected. It was a volume of poems, of which the principal was a romantic tale in the octosylabic verse, after the poetic manner of Scott, entitled "Christine, or the Maid of the South Seas," engagingly conceived and neatly versified, but manifesting nothing beyond an elegance of mind and graceful facility of expression. Was it that "fear and niceness, the handmaids of woman," restrained her from striking at once into an untried path, and induced her modestly to take refuge in the imitation of a style to which fashion and a great name had given currency? Or was it that her genius was

lulled into an enchanted slumber by the same antique witcheries which had bound up that free spirit who used them to fascinate others, and was awakened like his from its golden dreams to seek for the forms of beauty in the realities of the material world, and for the symbols of passion in the authentic history of the human heart? Be this as it may, it was a fortunate hour for her own fame and for us, when she ventured in good plain prose to set down what she saw every day about her. The success was such as to leave no doubt of her graphic power; pictures succeeded sketches, volume followed volume in rapid succession; and the result is a series of works, under the unassuming title of "Our Village," which resemble nothing that preceded them in literature, and yet are as true likenesses of the most familiar objects in the world as an imagination of reasonable honesty can be desired to mirror!

Perhaps the great distinction of these works is, that they are—not only in style and subject, but in manner and tone—essentially and idiomatically *English*. There are no writings, since the novels of Fielding, which we should so readily present to a foreigner, in order to show him what, in the most characteristic points, English scenery, habits, and virtues, are. The descriptions of the country are all individual—they set, or seem to set, the very place before us by a few masterly touches, almost as few and as vivid as those of Mr. Cobbett himself; and then the places are such as belong only to England. They are not *show places*, which seem to extort admiration, till the very eye is weary, but quiet unpretending scenes;—the warm homestead; the dark pond covered with water-lilies, and edged with hazels; the stubble upland, cheered by the ploughboy's jocund whistle or the ploughman's song; the village green, all alive and heroic with cricketers; the winding lane running unsuspected among the hedge-row woods; the shady bank where the violets cluster thickest in early spring—these are the scenes which she loves to set in no artificial lustre, but in the sweetest lights of common day. We may, perhaps, like Miss Mitford, be partial—but there is no county which seems to us so full of pictures, which speak to the heart of home, as Berkshire—so touching in their quiet, so unpretending in their loveliness; so fitted for pensive and happy thought to those, at least, whose slender imagination does not aspire to make friends of mountains, and whom the grander forms of matter oppress and chill; and these are the scenes which will ever "look green" in her prose. That her rustic pictures are from a lady's hand is rather felt from the tact to discover the graceful, and the absence of all that could offend, than from any want of power or of courage. She dares do all that may become a woman. Her country lads are not young gentlemen in masquerade; their cudgels are no playthings; their eating and drinking are no joke; her sportsmen do not rest on their guns; her lovers "do not sigh gratis," but "the lady speaks her mind freely"—happily without any blank verse to halt for it. Her Mayings and dances would content a servant girl of eighteen; and her cricket matches are such as an Eton boy would not disdain to play or to praise. Her in-door scenes of higher life have the same verisimilitude and ease, resembling, in no small degree, those of Miss Austin; but they betray the female hand more than the rustic sketches, as there is more of the personal mingled with them. But all alike seem written to make the reader happy. Among the incidents there are few that are not agreeable; her characters are

always redeemed by some virtue or genial frailty ; and with what zest she dwells on the bright passages of humble life, from the joy shed into the modest bosom by the unhoped-for avowal, down to the gratification of blameless vanity at a village Maying ! There is, no doubt, a mannerism about these works ; but the sameness is only in the frame, while the pictures within are infinitely various, full of striking contrasts and delicate gradations, always true, almost always happy.

It is a rare lot for the same author, whether man or woman, to found such a village class of composition, and also to bear off the tragic honors of the stage. There are many instances of versatility which are merely apparent—as the farce of a tragic actor who has only to exaggerate the picture a little, or to reverse it ; but to pass from a style which depends on the minuteness and vivacity of its details, to one of which the essence is condensation, is to be versatile indeed ! In the drama, however, Miss Mitford's course has been parallel to that which she has holden in the narrative and descriptive ; for as her powers, in the latter, seem to have been spell-bound by the fascination of Sir Walter Scott, so in the former they were at first enfeebled by the more potent art of Beaumont and Fletcher. These great poets, whose works are replete with beauty "which the sense aches at," are to a young dramatist the most pernicious of studies. They have a world of their own ; a goodly and glorious world ; but it is the mere fairy-land of tragedy. Their persons are like heroic ghosts, acting all the noble game of honor on an Elysian stage, where life and death are "shapes of a dream." Virtue and vice are their playthings—the one cannot be too atrocious for their shade, nor the other too glossy and ethereal for their light ; and at a breath, the one shall change places with the other, and only the beautiful be lasting ! Their persons do not overcome the fear of death by some absorbing passion or high resolve—they only play a pretty game at living and dying as the chance may fall, and care but for the grace and glitter of the attitude. Look at the "Two Noble Kinsmen," for example, which some have fancied to bear in itself the impress of Shakspeare ; and in one sense it may be worthy of him, but it is more unlike him than the coldest ideal of Sophocles ! The heroic indifference to life, and all the aërial pageantry which attend upon it, are not only *untragic*, but destructive of the essence of tragedy, whose bloody issues depend for their importance on the value of conscious being. Shakspeare's heroes, (save that grand exception Master Barnardine who proves the rule,) take the most vivid interest in life ; they may be raised or reduced to think it glory or happiness to die ; but this is only a last resort, more affecting by the contrast, and signifying the greatest extremity of sacrifice which resigns all that is dear, or of wretchedness which shakes the yoke of inauspicious stars from the world-weaned flesh. Yet the world of Beaumont and Fletcher —in which the vice is as shadowy as the goodness is angelical—may well dazzle the innocent and fair ; and it did, as we think, enfeeble the earlier creations of Miss Mitford's dramatic genius. The first play which she produced, "Julian," and which may be considered as her first complete tragedy, though the outline of Foscari had been previously traced, bore marks of the beauty and the weakness of these great writers. The whole character of the boy-king Alphonso is thus sky-tinctured, which might be well as a variety ; but the hero himself is compounded too much of the same "glossy essence," and his death, talking "of white flowers, nothing but white," is in accordance with

the poetic smoothness of his life. This play has, besides its glossiness, the grievous fault of two plots, slenderly connected; yet it is rich in beauty; and for mere beauty—such as Fletcher would delight in—it surpasses all else that Miss Mitford has ever written. The opening scene, exquisitely wrought upon a mere hint in the Orestes, which she had seen delightfully spoken and acted in the original by Dr. Valpy's pupils, raises expectation to a pitch which the story scarcely gratifies; yet there is no flagging; the whole play, as Mr. Hazlitt said when he saw it, "bowls on like a chariot," and the last act, though faulty in construction, is redeemed by passages not unworthy of Fletcher. In "Foscari," Miss Mitford almost accomplished her deliverance from the fetters she had worn so gracefully; yet here their traces remained; for of her heroes, Francesco is only too great and good a boy, and Cosmo alternately too weak and violent for a man; but the Doge is admirably conceived and sustained throughout, and his conduct at the trial of his son and at his death is more affecting than we ever dare to think of. This play is in the highest degree interesting, and except in the feeling which we have that Francesco is absurdly condemned, and that, at the last, he might as well have been made happy, and we sent *un*weeping to our beds—is excellently conducted. But it was in the composition of "Rienzi" that Miss Mitford attained the entire command of her tragic powers, that she comprised a history in five acts without confusion—that she exhibited the short-lived triumphs of glorious enthusiasm, nurtured in the love of freedom, clutching the phantoms of royalty, and fading by its own essential weakness—that she brought together, in deathly grapple, the representatives of popular tyranny and of power consecrated by time, in persons nearly and desperately connected, and intertwined the whole with a thread of dramatic interest, binding it together in one, and beating throughout as a pulse.

Besides the plays which have been represented, Miss Mitford has written two tragedies, one on the catastrophe of Charles the First, the other on the well-known story of Ignez de Castro, each of which we are credibly informed is worthy of her fame. The first was not acted because Mr. Colman, under the *regime* of Montrose, fancied the subject dangerous, though it has been represented in more fastidious times than these; the other has been twice in rehearsal, and has only been deferred in consequence of theatrical accidents, to which the authoress yielded without repining, but which, we hope, will not always prevent its representation. Besides her original works, she has edited two sets of American Tales, one for children, and one for readers of all ages, the last of which is strikingly illustrative of transatlantic character and manners, and rich in descriptions of scenery. There is yet one work which we trust she will one day give us, because it would call forth all her powers and accomplishments—a true English Novel. Here the lighter graces of her style, her delicate humor, her womanly fineness of observation, the tone of the elegant society which she adorns—would have fitting play, and scenes of lofty purpose and fervid passion, and meek suffering, might give scope for the force and pathos which have rendered her tragedies vital. That she is capable of such a work no one can doubt; for though the power to produce a novel by no means implies the ability to succeed in the drama, the converse is almost obvious; and that she will one day produce it must be the wish of all who duly appreciate those indications of various power which are scattered through her diversified productions.

ANTI-INNOVATOR.

[New Monthly Magazine.]—Plague take the world ! why cannot it stand still, and go on as it used to do when I was a boy ? What do the people mean by the progress of events and the march of intellect ? What good ever came by changes ? How is it possible that any man can be wiser than his father ? Where can a man get his wisdom from, but from his father ? and his father cannot give him more than he has got to give. Ah dear ! ah dear ! I remember the time when the parish beadle was a man of some consequence, when a lord was a thing to be stared at and a sight to be talked about—and the King !—why no man in his senses ever thought of the King, but with the profoundest respect. Every day after dinner, as soon as my father had said grace, he poured out a bumper of port and drank "Church and King." It did one's heart good to see and hear him ; it was as good as a sermon. The wine itself seemed conscious of the glory of its destination to be swallowed not unblest, and it looked bright in the glass and seemed to dance with eagerness to meet his lips. But now o' days if I venture to toast Church and King, I am forced to do it in a hurried irreligious sort of a way, with a kind of a sneer, as much as to say, it 's all my eye ; or my boy Tom will laugh at me and drink the Majesty of the People. The majesty of the people indeed ! I should like to see it. There used to be some reverence shown to lords in former times, but how are they treated now ! Snubbed at by the newspapers, elbowed in the streets, quizzed in epigrams, peppered with pamphlets, shown up in novels, robbed of their boroughs, and threatened with annihilation. People call that the march of intellect—I call it the march of insolence. When I was a boy, all the books we had in the house were the Bible and Prayer-Book and the Court Calendar ; the first two contained our religion and the last our politics : as for literature, what did we want with it ? It is only the means of turning the world upside down, and putting notions into people's heads, that would never get there without.

All the evil that is in the world came by innovation ; and there is no part of the world free from innovation, neither the heavens above, nor the earth beneath, nor the waters that are under the earth. What business have men up in the air in balloons ? What good can they get there ? What do they go there for, but merely to come down, and perhaps break their necks ? They would be much safer on dry ground. Our ancestors used to be content with the sun, and moon, and stars, and four or five planets ; now forsooth the impertinent ones must be poking their telescopes up to the sky and discovering new planets almost every night, as if we had not got as many planets already as we know what to do with. Comets too ! Why fifty years ago there used not to be above one in a century, and now they are as thick as hops and as abundant as esquires. Now with their abominable telescopes, —I wish they were all broke,—the astronomers are peering about and making their calculations about comets that are to come and burn us all up. Plague take them, I do not believe them, but they frighten one out of one's wits too.

Steam Engines—I do not think we should ever have heard a word about Parliamentary Reform, if it had not been for steam engines. I hope Mr. Colburn will not have his magazine with this article printed

with a steam press, for if he does, I shall not dare to read it for fear of being blown up. What did we want with steam engines ? There were no steam engines at the battle of Agincourt. Did not we drive out Popery without the help of steam engines ? To be sure we did. I hate innovations. I should just like to know what is to become of all the hackney coach horses, if we are to have steam carriages. The poor beasts look half starved as it is ; they will be ten times worse if they are turned out to make room for steam engines : and what shall we do for dog's meat if there are no horses to cut up ? Then we must have Macadamized roads too ! our ancestors did very well without Macadamized roads. They took their time in traveling from one place to another, and if they happened to be too late for the stage, they had nothing to do but to run after it and catch it. Let them try to do so now.

Buildings too ! did ever any mortal see such an overgrown place as London is now ? There is not a dirty ditch within five miles of London that has not got some Paradise Row, or Mount Pleasant, or Prospect Place stuck into it. Why can't the citizens live in the city as they used to do, and stick to their shops ? There is no such place as the country now, it is all come to London. And what sort of houses do they build ! Look at them—a bundle of matches for the timbers and a basket of bricks for the walls.

Rail-roads—a pretty contrivance, forsooth ! to pick the pockets of the good old waggon horses, and the regular legitimate coach horses that had stood the test of ages. Pray what is to become of the farmers if there are no horses to eat their oats ? And how are the rents to be paid, and the taxes, and tithes, and the poor rates ? and who is to pay the interest of the national debt ? and what will become of the Church if horses do not eat oats to enable the farmers to pay their tithes and feed the clergy ? Manchester and Liverpool were quite near enough without the assistance of rail roads, and if the building mania goes on much longer there will be no need of a road from one to the other, for they will both join, and the people may be in both places at once. People are talking now of rail-roads superseding canals, the good old canals, half of which are already three-quarters full of duck weed and dead cats.

What did the Wellington ministry mean by opening beer shops ? Why could not they let the good old gin-shops alone and stick to the regular legitimate public-houses ? Our ancestors could get as drunk as heart could wish at the genuine licensed old-fashioned pot-houses.

Look at the population too ! People go on increasing and multiplying as if they never intended to leave off. Hundreds and hundreds of people are coming into the world who have no right to be born. The world is as full as it can hold already ; there is positively no room for any more. There was nothing like the number of children to be seen about the streets, when I was a boy, that there is now. I have sometimes half a mind to ask those lubberly boys that I see about the street, what right they had to be born ; but perhaps they would make me some impertinent answer, for they swagger about as if they thought that they had as good right to be born as any one else. I wish they would read Malthus's Essay on Population ; they would then be convinced that they have no right to be born, and they would be ashamed of themselves for existing to the manifest inconvenience of gentlemen and ladies to whom they are exceedingly annoying.

Look at the Reform Bill, that sink of innovation, to speak metaphorically ; that climax of novelty, that abominable poke in the ribs of our Constitution, that destroyer of all that is venerable. Its opponents have been accused of talking nonsense against it. Very likely they have talked nonsense, for they have been so flabbergusted at the innovation, that they have not known what they have been saying. The Constitution is gone—quite gone ! Lord John Russell has purged it to death.

If things go on changing at this rate for the next hundred years as they have done of late, we shall scarcely have a relic of the good old times left. The weather is not what it used to be when I was a boy. Oh ! those were glorious old times, when we had sunshine all through the summer, and hard frosts all through the winter ; when for one half the year we could bathe every day, and for the other half could skate every day. There is nothing of that sort now. If a man buys a pair of skates in the winter, it is sure to thaw next day ; and if a boy buys a pair of corks one day, there is sure to be a hard frost next morning. There is nothing but wet weather all through the winter, and no dry weather all through the summer. Formerly we used to have an eclipse or two in the course of the year, and we used to look at it through smoked glass, and very good fun it was, only it used to make our noses black, if we did not take care to hold the glass properly. If we look into the almanac for an eclipse, we are sure to see that it is invisible in these parts ; and even if it is visible we can never see it, for there is always cloudy weather. I scarcely know anything that is now as it used to be when I was a boy. Day and night have not quite changed places, but night and morning have. What used to be Sunday morning when I was a little boy, has now by a strange mutation become Saturday night. I wonder why people cannot dine at dinner-time as they used to do ; but everything is in disorder ; a wild spirit of innovation has seized men's minds, and they will do nothing as they used to do, and as they ought to do. Things went on well enough when I was a boy ; we had not half the miseries and calamities that one sees and hears of now. What an absurd and ridiculous invention is that nasty, filthy, stinking gas ! The buildings where it is made look like prisons withoutside, and like infernal regions within ; and there always is some accident or other happening with it ; people have their houses blown up with it, and it serves them right, for they have no business to encourage such newfangled trumpery. The streets used to be lighted well enough with the good old-fashioned oil lamps, which were quite good enough for our ancestors, and I think they might have done for us ; but anything for innovation ! I must confess I liked to see the good old greasy lamp-lighters and their nice flaring torches ; they were fifty times better than the modern gas-light men with their little hand lamps like so many Guy Fawkes'.

And what harm have the poor old watchmen done, I wonder, that they must be dismissed to make room for a set of new police-men and blue coats ? The regular old legitimate watchmen were the proper and constitutional defenders of the streets, just as regularly as the King is the defender of the faith. A more harmless set of men than the watchmen never existed ; they would not hurt a fly. Things went on well enough when they had the care of the streets.

But innovations are not confined to land ; they have even encroached upon the water. Were not London, Blackfriars, and Westminster

bridges quite enough in all conscience ? What occasion was there for Waterloo bridge, a great overgrown granite monster that cost ten times more than it is worth ? And what occasion for Southwark bridge and Vauxhall bridge ? Our ancestors could go to Vauxhall over Westminster or Blackfriars bridge. But of all the abominable innovations none ever equaled the impudence of New London bridge. It was not at all wanted. I have been over the old one hundreds and hundreds of times. It is a good old bridge that has stood the test of ages, and it ought to have been treated with respect for very antiquity's sake. As for people being drowned in going under the bridge, nonsense ! they would never have been drowned if they had done as I did—I always made a point of never going under it : and besides, if people are to be drowned, they will be drowned elsewhere, if they are not drowned there.

Talk of innovations, what can be a more outrageous innovation than steam-boats ? they have frightened the fish out of the river already, and if they go on increasing as they have done of late, they will frighten the fish out of the sea too ; and I should like to know where all the fishes are to go to, then. We shall be in a pretty mess if they all come ashore. Besides, the sea is obviously made to sail upon, or else what is the use of the wind ? And if we have nothing but steam-boats, what will become of the sail-makers ? People in these revolutionary times care nothing about vested interests. I hate innovation. I hate everything that is new. I hate new shoes, they pinch my feet ; I hate new hats, they pinch my forehead ; I hate new coats, they put me in mind of tailor's bills. I hate everything new, except the New Monthly Magazine, and I shall hate that if the Editor rejects my article.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SEA.

[The Metropolitan.]

There is a Spirit on that slumbering deep,
His lustrous chariot bright with orient pearl
And gems, pluck'd from the caves where sea-nymphs sleep,
Jasper the wheels, inlaid with rosy ber'l,
And canopied with crystal—his array
Mocking to scorn man's vain regality,
With an excess of splendors that display
A union with the sunset and the sky
On the horizon's verge, heaven warm and fair,
And God's great glory shining every where.

That Spirit's shape do silver clouds inclose
As with a robe or veil of majesty,
Doubling the eyes' deep awe, as they repose
On its resplendent brightness,—far and nigh
Old ocean curls his gentlest waves and smiles,
And shakes his sparkling waters in the sun,—
Joyous to hail from caves and coral piles
Of his great depths, his glorious ruling one—
The intellect pervading his far reign,
The soul of God's immeasurable main

Creation's ruler ! to the glowing pole
His burning axles gild heaven's stainless blue ;
And upon ocean's bosom as they roll,
A thousand starry fires of every hue
Shoot from his chariot wheels, while calm and still,
In haughty consciousness not earthly thing,
Nor heavenly, save one, can check his will,
In strength moves on the delegated king,
Lord of a boundless empire, in his pride
And sovereign will careering wild and wide.

Ere earth he was, his labor shaped its mass,
He trod it far beneath his giant feet
Into a solid ball ; and where the grass
Grows green and vernal, he his tempests fleet
Bid trample, as the conqueror tall and proud
Tramples a prostrate foe ;—his victory o'er,
He to his palaces in triumph loud
Of their great deeds, led back his waves, no more
To waste the vanquish'd, but, in bounds confined,
To smile with calms, and thunder with the wind.

Ofttimes his voice is heard from out the waves
Shouting to his vex'd waters, till the shore
Trembles to its foundations, and the graves
Rock with their dead, appall'd at the strong roar
Of his pale anger ; now in cadence sweet,
Sounding dark mysteries from his depths unknown,
He sends his strains, that the far nations greet
From equinoctial to each frigid zone,
In soothing concert, heavenly as the strain
Of angel harps o'er men for freedom slain.

He calls his waiting spirits, and they go
Gliding along the billows ere the storm,
Seen by the anxious mariners, who know
The presage well of each wild varying form,—
Now perch'd a lambent fire upon his mast,—
Now a wild storm-ship shot at midnight by,
Or a tall column moving dark and vast,
Linking black ocean with the blacker sky,
Or airy shadows by the lightning shown,
Bent on an errand for their lord alone.

He dwells in his abysses—none have seen
His outline,—nought, save his bright vesture's fold
Along the horizon, where his car has been
Rolling in pomp of grandeur, gems, and gold ;—
He is a power unknown and infinite,
Shrouded in mystery ; and his influence
Unseen, unlimited, by day and night
Is felt o'er earth, a universal sense
Affecting all things, regulating all
The soul of action to this moving ball.

The wan moon's lover as she sails along
Her airless monthly cirque in solitude,
Her coy beams fondling when his tides are strong
Along the bosom of her lover rude,
Or slumbering softly there like infant death
Ere sin has stain'd its visage with a tear ;
Or peering through her veil of mist, the breath
Of the hoarse tempest paling her with fear
As the tumultuous waters threat the sky,
And the storm-clouds rush thick and lurid by.

But now the scene—how beautiful ! The light
Plays with the tide of gold that shows no wave
Wrinkling the brow of ocean ; not more bright
The lightnings, when the foam-crown'd billows heave
Their snowy lips to greet its forky fires—
Their brothers of the element,—and now
Glory on glory, as the day expires,
Minister forth their homage, and below
The unfathom'd waters, conscious of the time,
Are lit with joy to their profoundest clime.

The kingly chariot passes ; night comes on,
To close the train of sovereign dignity ;—
Along his terrible domain, whence shone
But now such floods of glory dazzlingly,
Rush forth the winds, that high and higher rise
Till ocean vibrates, heaves, and toils, and roars,
And maddens into storms that lash the skies
From depths unmeasured—bounding from the shores
Wreck-cover'd, in fierce wrath its hissing spray
Hides the lone star that seems to 've lost its way.

Thickening and thickening shades are hurrying by
After their awful guard, and sire, and lord,—
The lord of fearful beauty, far and nigh
Stretching his red right-arm and ruling sword
From pole to pole,—earth's centre to the sky,
From dreamless darkness to the fields of day,—
In dread magnificence of majesty
Over his vassal waters far away,
Where bark has never sail'd, nor billows bore
One corse of man upon the unknown shore.

He ever dwells within his waters deep ;
I've seen him in his wrath, with terror seen—
I've seen him tranquil as a babe asleep,
Yielding unearthly sounds at shut of e'en—
I've seen him scatter wrecks and drowning men,
And heard their death-shriek when I could not save—
And almost slept upon his waters, when
I scarce could think I swam above their grave :
Thou art a mighty Spirit, Ocean-King,
Great in thy power—great in thy conquering !

THE RIVINGTONS.

Look on this picture, and on this.—*Shakspeare.*

[Royal Lady's Magazine.]—Mrs. Rivington was a widow, still young and well-looking. She felt that society retained many claims on her, and she anxiously anticipated the establishment of her daughters, to free her from the restraints and fetters of maternal duty. For one of her children she confessed she had little fear, but what could be done with the incorrigible Matilda? Just sixteen, at that fairy age when the world is all *couleur de rose*, and hope smiles over the landscape of existence, Matilda Rivington could not agree with her mother that General Grenley was the identical man calculated to make her happy —a gray-haired lover!—a gouty bridegroom!!—a copper-colored husband!!!—she shuddered at the bare idea. "Depend upon it, mamma," she would say, between jest and earnestness, shaking her head, while her auburn tresses glowed in the light, "depend upon it I am not destined to bear the illustrious name of Grenley."

Eliza was of quite another disposition; although but one year her sister's senior, she had the settled character of five-and-twenty. She was a finished beauty; her eyes were as black as jet, large, soft, and pensive: her hair, of the same deep tint, was braided simply across her unusually high and placid brow, and there was that pure and lovely bloom upon her cheek, which looked as though some magic power had caught a blush mantling on it, and had fixed it there forever; her figure and her feet were perfect, and the calm gentleness of her manner was in such exquisite keeping with her style of person, that no eye turned on Eliza Rivington which did not linger on her beauty. This was the most fitting face in the world to relieve Matilda's perpetual sunshine, for Matilda, lovely as she was, boasted attractions of another kind; hers was the very joyousness of nature, flashing out in every feature, in every motion, and in every tone; her bright blue eyes laughed with her heart's mirth, and her rosy lips smiled an echo to its lustrous happiness—it would have struck on the soul of a cynic, and gainsaid his practice more than a score of theories.

Archibald Fortescue, the presumed suitor of the elder Miss Rivington, was the second son of an old and wealthy baronet; gay in his habits, and buoyant in his disposition. It was a marvel among "all the world" in the neighborhood, that Mr. Fortescue had not selected the younger sister; yet had he never vacillated for an instant, and from the first time he beheld Eliza Rivington, he had been, even as her mother expressed it, "her very shadow;" beyond this, the family themselves knew as little of his intention, save by inference, as the most unconcerned of their acquaintance. There was "an understanding," it is true; but how it had originated, or when it had commenced, no one knew. Eliza herself was satisfied that he loved her, that she was to be his wife; yet he had not said one decided syllable on the subject—he selected her ornaments, he directed her avocations, he almost limited her acquaintance—she paid no visits, she accepted no invitations, in which he was not included; and, in fine, she gave herself up to him heart and soul, in all the guileless confidence of woman. Archibald Fortescue was her first love, and as she looked on

his fine and manly countenance, she felt that the world contained for her but one image !

The declared lover of Matilda was a being of another mould ; aged some fifty-three or four years, his hair marbled slightly with white, his complexion varying from dull yellow to pale brown ; his eyes of the lightest gray, small, keen, and quick ; and his figure erect, meagre, and skinny. But General Grenley was an unexceptionable match, for he had offered to settle two thousand a-year on Matilda, and to defray the expenses of her own carriage—what more could be wished ? In short, Matilda would not marry Mr. Persivette, who had first proposed to her, and her mother was resolved that she *should* marry General Grenley.

" Yonder is the general's pony phaeton coming up the park," said Mrs. Rivington to Miss Dora Trevor, her maiden sister, " and here, most *à propos*, is Matilda." It was even so,—as she spoke her daughter entered the library : never had she looked more lovely ; whether from light-heartedness, or a shade of that coquetry which is inherent in woman, Matilda had twisted some carnations among her ringlets, and Mrs. Rivington, as she looked on her, could not suppress a smile of maternal pride. " Here comes the dear general—Dora, be good enough to wheel up that ottoman."

" I will do it, aunt," said Matilda, gaily ; " I have as much compassion for the poor old gentleman's gouty toes as you have, tender-hearted as you are ;—there now—by the time he has got tired of the country, and returned to Park Lane and Mulligatawny soup, I shall have become quite a finished nurse ;—I wonder who attended him in ' the liver,' as he calls it."

" Matilda, I will not allow such ridiculous remarks—the general does not deserve them from *you*—so liberal and generous as he is."

" Certainly he is willing to pay well for a new plaything," said Matilda, with sudden gravity ; " but, thank Heaven, women are not saleable in England."

Mrs. Rivington bit her lip.

" General Grenley," said a servant ; and the suitor entered.

" My dear madam, do not rise—suffer me to make my salaam without disturbing your delightful little circle—you are well, I trust, and my fair enslaver yonder by the harp—Miss Matilda, I kiss your hand."

" You must have had a lovely drive, general," smiled Mrs. Rivington.

" I know not of one so beautiful, as from Grenley Lodge to Elm Park ; at least none equally so to me—and to-day the sunshine without, and the anticipation of sunshine within, gave it an added charm."

Matilda, as he ceased speaking, listlessly drew her harp towards her, and played with exquisite taste, and arch meaning, the lovely ballad of " Auld Robin Gray."

" Beautiful ! beautiful ! " exclaimed the lover rapturously, " *will* you favor me also with " My love she's but a lassie, yet ? "

" Is this it ? " asked Matilda, and stifling a saucy laugh as she marked the tender air of her antiquated suitor, she gaily swept the chords, and after a skilful cadence broke into the air of " Duncan Gray came here to woo." Mrs. Rivington looked half angry, and Miss Trevor half amused, while Matilda, as if suddenly recollecting herself, put the harp from her, saying, carelessly, " Oh no ! that is quite another affair—the air has escaped my memory."

"That head dress is perfectly bewitching!" said the enamored general, looking tenderly on his mistress. "Nothing can equal flowers in the hair of a pretty woman."

"I prefer diamonds," observed the young lady coolly.

"I brought home a profusion of jewels from the East," remarked the general, with affected carelessness, to Mrs. Rivington. "I am a perfect amateur of gems."

"*A propos*, of the East, general," said Matilda, as she took up her embroidery, "did you ever attend the Madras Spinster-market? and do the young ladies really stand on the top of tar barrels, made up in lots, and ticketed, to be bid for like foreign china at Christie's?"

Such was the light-hearted girl, who within a twelvemonth was sacrificed to interest. Her mother was peremptory, her own fancy somewhat dazzled, and her heart untouched. At the very age when the yet unformed character is ready to receive the impress of every new feeling—when the actions are those of impulse rather than of conviction—when it depends on circumstance alone whether the heart shall in afterlife be genuine or artificial in its dictates—was Matilda Rivington led to the altar by one to whom she was utterly indifferent. "Remember," were her last words, as the enraptured suitor took her hand on the morning of their union, "remember, General Grenley, that if I hereafter prove other than you now think me, this marriage was at least not of my seeking."

Mrs. Grenley was the idol of the metropolis for a winter; the charm of the continent for three seasons; and she then returned to Grenley Lodge to rusticate for some months. During this time, Mrs. Rivington had never seen her child, and she had consequently dwelt with delight on the idea of their next meeting; it was therefore with a feeling of successful pride and self-gratulation that she drove over to Grenley Lodge to witness the splendid happiness of which she had been the author. The general was engaged with his steward, but Mrs. Grenley was visible—the mother hurried to the boudoir, entered, and started with surprise. Matilda rose to embrace her, but it was no longer the Matilda whom she had proudly pressed to her heart when they parted—her naturally high spirits, and unoccupied affections, had aided in exaggerating her continental tastes, and she had returned to her native country a finished coquette. She had been sitting, or rather lying on a low couch in a *déshabille à la Psyche;* her once glowing cheek overspread with rouge, and a settled smile playing about her lips, serving rather to display her very fine teeth, than to express gaiety of heart. Her first care, after embracing her mother, was to introduce to her the Comte de Trevillier, between whom and a French poodle she very soon divided the principal share of her attention.

"And so Eliza is not married yet, but is gone to Beechy for change of air—she is a fortunate girl, free from all matrimonial horrors!—Ah! my friend, that mischievous dog will destroy my cashmere shawl. Pray take it from his teeth."

The young count did as he was desired; rescued the costly shawl, and reseated himself on a low stool beside his fair hostess.

Mrs. Rivington was all amazement. "Where is the general, Matilda?"

Mrs. Grenley shrugged her shoulders. "Cannot account for him, my dear mamma. I see him at dinner; he always comes in with the Mulligatawny—touch the bell, count; his man will know where he is."

The gentleman obeyed, and then moved a few steps towards the door. "You are not going, De Trevillier? You know I cannot spare you."

"Madam may have something to communicate to her mother."

"Nothing, absolutely nothing—she knows all my history *de bout en bout.* I am married to an antique gentleman, and I am striving to feel the wretchedness of such a match as little as possible—it is a tale which it takes but a short time to relate. And so Fortescue has really not offered to Eliza—I suppose, however, she is tired of him by this time; so it is all very well."

"I wish she were," sighed Mrs. Rivington.

"*Tranquille Cupidon.*—What! still the green and yellow melancholy? she must leave it off—it is quite *outré* in this age—only passable in a little shepherdess—*De Trevillier, mon mouchoir.*—I suppose the general told you, mamma, in his last two-ounce-letter, that he is going to roast a herd of oxen on the birth of his heir—for myself, I look forward to it as a perfect bore—oh! here comes my lord—every step he takes shakes my nerves like the shock of an earthquake."

As Mrs. Grenley thus announced the general, he entered the apartment, and met Mrs. Rivington with cordial if not graceful warmth.

"Many thanks for this early visit, my dear madam; I had just ordered the carriage to pay my respects at the park; I suppose Matilda has told you of all our hopes and expectations?—Do you not think she is much improved by her traveling? scarcely like the same person—"

"Scarcely!" echoed the mother with a sigh.

"*Monsieur veut-il une chaise?*" asked the count, as he placed one beside that of Mrs. Rivington.

"Thank you—thank you—the best creature, my dear madam, in all France—formed such a friendship with us, that he could not bear our leaving the country, and eventually consented to accompany us to England—I do not think that Matilda could do without him."

A suppressed smile played round the lip of the young wife, and was reflected on that of the best creature in all France.

"And so poor Eliza is very ill—considered consumptive—should try Cheltenham—I intend that some time hence Matilda shall visit Cheltenham."

"Not for the world! I should die of the horrors; meeting at every step copper-colored bilious-looking old nabobs—oh! for Heaven's sake, general, I have had enough of that."

A pang smote on the heart of Mrs. Rivington—so changed! and this was in a great degree *her* work. She had sacrificed her child at that early age when the disposition is undecided, and that which might have been foreseen had come to pass. Matilda had married a man, indifference for whom had grown into disgust; her feelings, chilled where they should have been kindliest, clung to other and more pleasing objects; she became the child of folly and of whim: every little affectation had expanded and flourished in the hot-bed of continental society, and she returned to her own country, English in nothing save her birth.

Eliza meanwhile had passed her time very differently. For a while hope was buoyant, and Archibald Fortescue all which the fondest heart could picture to itself: but time sped on; month followed month, and year succeeded year, and she was still in the same state of sickening

suspense. Her spirits failed beneath the trial, her health fled with them, and the faculty declared that the seeds of a consumption were sown. Fortescue was in town when this appalling declaration was made. Eliza heard *of* him at intervals, but never *from* him—she could not urge him to write ; for although situated as she felt herself to be, her own heart would have acquitted her, she yet shrank from making a request which her reason bitterly told her should have come from him —Archibald Fortescue had intimated no wish of the kind : he had parted from her kindly, tenderly—he had seen her tears, for those she could not repress—and now she heard of him as the life of the *soirée*, and the idol of his set—she was told that he drove the most striking equipage in the park, that he lounged with the loveliest women at the opera, and finally that he had made a conquest of one of the greatest heiresses in England. This was the finishing stroke—Eliza drooped daily ; the sun of her youth was overshadowed. Hopeless and unrequited affection was withering up her existence. Other and wealthier suitors were at her feet, but her mother urged, threatened, and besought in vain. "You bade me give my heart to Fortescue," would she say, "and I obeyed you. More I cannot do."

On learning the return of her sister, Eliza hurried home. "I can pour my sorrows into her ear," she whispered to herself ; "and, light-hearted as she is, she will weep with me over my withered hopes." How then did her bruised spirit recoil upon itself, when Matilda talked of her unhappiness as a mere imaginary evil ; declared it to be in bad taste—and plebeian ; and recommended dissipation as a cure for her heart-sickness ! "Were you in my situation, *ma belle Elise*, heavens ! tied to old age, ugliness, and decrepitude, then indeed you might complain ; but I am determined not to make marriage such a log, that I must clank its chains at every step, like a felon—*ma foi, non.* There is a cure for every evil ; a woman's heart should be her slave, not her tyrant. My mother tells me, Eliza, that you might have married Lord Littledale—*eh, pourquoi donc ?*—but no ;" and a shade passed over the brow even of the volatile Mrs. Grenley. "You are right ; never, never give your hand where your heart is uninterested. Heaven knows !—but enough of this ;" and she turned to a mirror, and warbled the air of "*Garçon volage*," as she adjusted a stray ringlet. Eliza rose ; hastily wiped away a tear, and left the room. "Mr. Fortescue," said a servant, and Archibald himself entered in a traveling dress, at one door, as the Frenchman lounged into the room through another. "A thousand apologies, my dear Mrs. Grenley, for my appearance, but I heard that you were in England, and I would not delay, for one unnecessary moment, paying my respects to you. I thought to have caught you in Park lane, but I was under an engagement to drive Lady Lucy Cliver to the Exhibition, and your *cortège* had left town before I returned."

"And *en vrai Quichotte* you have followed us to the country ?—A thousand thanks. Mr. Fortescue, Eugène, Comte de Trevillier." The gentlemen bowed coldly as their respective names were uttered by a pair of the prettiest lips in the world ; and Archibald seated himself beside his hostess.

"I hear that Miss Rivington is indisposed—sorry to hear it, very sorry ; I was told so by Beauvilliers last Tuesday."

"Malady of the heart, my friend." Fortescue colored painfully. "Have you seen her yet ?"

"No; I could not conveniently visit Beechy on my way down: that horrible Lady Lane talks of her sweet Laura, till I feel as though I had taken a syrup bath—cloyed to death. I always 'cut' the Hall."

"I meant had you seen her as you entered; she had not left the room a moment when you were announced."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Fortescue, with a start which had in it far more of annoyance than gratification. "Returned! recovered, I trust?"

Mrs. Grenley curled her lip. "*Tout-à-fait Anglaise*—sentiment is bad taste nowadays—too English—she is ill, very ill, consumptive they say: I shall do all in my power to cure her; poor girl! it affects me sensibly."

"*A propos*," continued Mrs. Grenley, "you will wish to see Eliza; the bell, count." The count obeyed; and Mademoiselle Félicie, the lady's prime minister, swam into the room, received her orders, and withdrew. "The best *coiffeuse* in Paris, Fortescue; am I not fortunate? She says we are a *nation de barbares*, and I almost agree with her."

Eliza obeyed the summons, and her pale cheek crimsoned as she recognised Fortescue; she made one hasty step forward, and stopped: the tears of agitation and wounded feeling trembled in her dark eyes, and she remained silent.

"My dear Miss Rivington, Eliza!" exclaimed Fortescue, surprised into emotion by her changed and careworn appearance; "surely, surely it was unkind not to let me know that you were so ill." Eliza looked at him reproachfully. "You know you have not a friend on earth more interested in you than I am." The large tears fell heavily on the cheek of the invalid. Fortescue led her to a window; it overlooked a gay terrace, redolent with flowers. "I cannot bear it," said Eliza, "it is too light, too gaudy." As she turned away he caught her hand. "Eliza, have you thought of me since we parted?"

"Do you ask me?" murmured the unhappy girl; "yes—many, many times. I have thought of you in sadness of spirit, in hopelessness of heart. I have tried to picture to myself a likeness of your destined bride. I have heard that she is beautiful, and wealthy, and high born."

"You are talking in riddles, Eliza. I have been a coxcomb—a heartless, despicable coxcomb; but beyond this I am guiltless."

"Hush, Fortescue—words are vain now: there is no future for me in this world, or I should still shrink from telling you of my sufferings. I gave myself to you in the pride of my youth: I had not a wish or a thought of which you were not the object. How have I been requited? I trusted to you, and was deceived: I relied on your affection, and it failed me. I should have scorned, miserable as I was, to owe anything to your honor. I am dying now, Fortescue, and I am grateful that it is so. Live happy, and forget me. I am weak, bodily and mentally. I forgive all; and may the blessing of a blighted and a breaking heart rest on you forever!"

"My own Eliza—"

"Oh! Fortescue, spare me, spare me. I cannot bear that tone, that look. I have endured much, very much; but I shall not suffer long. I little hoped to see you again—now I shall die happy. Go, Archibald, marry and forget me. Do not, do not break the heart of your new mistress—marry her; one victim is enough."

"Never—so help me, heaven! Tie myself to a heartless coquette! A pistol were a better fate. I have flirted, I have trifled, it is true, and how bitterly do I expiate my offence; but it cannot, it *shall not* be too late!" Eliza sobbed convulsively.

"Amid all the wanderings of my fancy, my heart has never changed; you have ever been its idol."

"How often, then, Archibald," said Miss Rivington, with a melancholy smile, "have you overthrown the pedestal on which it was reared!"

"I know—I feel all the misery I have caused; but my whole life shall be one effort at reparation, from this hour."

"It is too late," said Eliza, faintly. "I feel that all is nearly over with me—joy and sorrow, hope and disappointment. Fortescue, should you ever live to be a father, deprecate as the greatest curse for your poor girls, that bane of domestic happiness, AN UNDERSTANDING. Tell them—but I am strangely confused—tell them, Archibald, never to love as I have loved—as I *do* love."

"You are exhausted, Eliza; lean on me. This conversation has excited you. Look up, love; you are too dark a prophetess; your sombre predictions shall be gainsaid; you will yet live, and be happy with your Archibald." He paused, as he saw a fearful smile expand on the features of his victim; he threw his arm round her, and she leant heavily on his shoulder. "Oh, Archibald!" she murmured, "this is to die blessedly; in your arms death loses its terrors; on your breast it seems almost happiness. Hush!—not a syllable. Do not be alarmed; you see that I am calm." She paused a moment, and then added, faintly, "Heaven bless you, Archibald; this moment overpays all my sufferings—bear with me, for I am sick at heart—I am strangely bewildered too."

She pressed her hand to her pale brow, and Fortescue started as he heard the hollow death-announcing cough which shook her frame.

"Poor Matilda! love her for my sake; faulty as she seems, remember that she was sacrificed to ambition, and that her fate alone has made her heartless. Advise her—be as a brother to her—unhappy girl! I fear that this will be a severe trial, for I know she loves me—and now—Archibald—my first—my only—"

She shivered convulsively on his breast for a moment, and then fell senseless in his arms.

"Eliza—my love—speak to me!" cried Fortescue, and his agitated manner attracted the attention of Mrs. Grenley. "Here is a denouement!" she exclaimed to De Trevillier, as she hurried to the assistance of her sister; "she has fainted. It is trifling, Fortescue, she often faints."

But Matilda was in error. All human means were adopted, but in vain; and Mrs. Rivington was summoned to the bed on which her oldest daughter lay cold in death, to weep over this second victim of her heartless policy.

RANDOM THOUGHTS. — By Mrs. Moodie.

[Athenæum.]

When is youth's gay heart the lightest ?
When the torch of health burns brightest ;
And the soul's rich banquet lies
In air and ocean, earth and skies ;
Till the honied cup of pleasure
Overflows with mental treasure.

When is love's sweet dream the sweetest ?
When a kindred heart thou meetest
Unpolluted with the strife,
The selfish aims that tarnish life ;
Ere the scowl of care has faded
The shining chaplet fancy braided,
And emotions, pure and high,
Swell the heart and fill the eye ;
Rich revealings of the mind,
Within a loving breast enshrined,
To thy own fond bosom plighted,
In affection's bonds united.
The sober joys of after years
Are nothing to those smiles and tears.

When is sorrow's sting the strongest ?
When friends grow cold we've loved the longest
And the bankrupt heart would borrow
Treacherous hopes to cheat the morrow ;
Dreams of bliss by reason banish'd,
Early joys which quickly vanish'd,
And the treasured past appears,
Only to augment our tears ;
When, within itself retreating,
The spirit owns earth's joys are fleeting,
Yet, rack'd with anxious doubts and fears,
Trusts, blindly trusts, to future years.

Oh ! this is grief, the preacher saith,
The world's dark woe that worketh death ;
Yet, oft beneath its influence bow'd,
A beam of hope will burst the cloud,
And heaven's celestial shore appears,
Slow rising o'er the tide of tears,
Guiding the spirit's darkling way,
Through thorny paths, to endless day.
Then the toils of life are done,
Then youth and age are both as one—
Sorrow never more can sting,
Neglect or pain the bosom wring,
And the joys blest spirits prove,
Far exceed all earthly love !

THE DUKE D'AREMBERG.

From the Journal of an English Gentleman, who resided twenty-four years in France and other parts of the Continent.

[The Court Journal.]—Being in Brussels, in 1816, I was invited to dine at the late Duke of Aremberg's.

This nobleman, previous to the Revolution a sovereign prince, had been compelled by Napoleon to resign his title in favor of his eldest son, for the purpose of enabling him to marry Mademoiselle Tascher, the niece of Josephine. When this latter event took place, I was in Belgium, and a strange sensation it produced among the inhabitants. The old Duke was created a Senator and a Count, and his son raised to the dukedom. I have seen a letter addressed to the former by a correspondent, who, apprehensive of giving offence, had superscribed it, "A Monsieur le Comte et Senateur (ci-devant) Duc d'Aremberg." But, at the period I am alluding to, Buonaparte had ceased to reign, and both father and son were dukes again.

It is known that this venerable and respected nobleman was quite blind, and had been so for more than forty years. Lord George Gordon was the innocent cause of this misfortune ; the latter had been invited to spend some time at the Chateau d'Enghein, and, whilst on a shooting excursion in the park, he fired at what he conceived to be a deer, and shot the Duke in the eyes and face. Total blindness was the consequence.

The following anecdotes, characteristic of this amiable man, will be read with interest.—Although in a state of absolute darkness, and the circumstance well known to the world, he seemed to enjoy a secret satisfaction in persuading strangers that such was not the case. Upon one occasion, he paid a visit to Mr. Vandevelde, an opulent banker, with whom he was not acquainted, but hearing that his house had been fitted up in a style of extraordinary magnificence, he requested permission to *see* it. I was present when he went through the apartments, in each of which he stopped—praised the interior arrangement, admired the tapestry, carpets, and window curtains ; nay, even criticized the paintings, one of which was by David, whose character he held in detestation. Another time, being in his drawing-room, I observed a servant extinguish a wax candle, as if accidentally, and forget to light it again—but the order to do so had been previously given. A few minutes afterwards, the Duke, in an angry tone, exclaimed, "John ! why don't you light the wax candle on the chimney-piece ? "

The dinner, at which I assisted, was a most splendid one ; but every day it was equally so. Knowing what dishes were upon the table, and their precise situation, he would call out to one of his guests, and desire him to partake of some viand that happened to be before him. Mr. C——, the English Chargé d'Affaires to the Court of Holland, and the only Englishman, except myself, at dinner, was sitting opposite a large dish, filled with birds of diminutive appearance. The Duke thus addressed the gentleman ;—"Monsieur l'Anglais, help yourself, I beg, to some of those birds before you ; they are delicious. I am extremely partial to them, and will eat a few presently."

"May I take the liberty," said the Englishman, "of asking your Grace what birds they are ? "

"Des Rouge-gorges."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Mr. C., in a half serious, half facetious manner, "devour Robin-red-breasts! Indeed, I cannot. You must excuse me."

"Your motive, pray," continued the Duke, surprised at the ejaculation.

"Oh!" said Mr. C., smiling, "early associations really forbid such an impious sacrilege. Any one who, when a boy, has read the ballad of 'The Children in the Wood,' could not, in after-life, be prevailed upon to kill, much less to eat, a Robin." He then added, with mock sentimentality—

No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till robin red-breast, painfully,
Did cover them with leaves.

The Duke, and all the company, laughed heartily at the extraordinary reason assigned for not tasting this delicate food; it did not, however, prevent his Grace swallowing half-a-dozen of them a few minutes afterwards.

The repast terminated; cards were introduced; I had the honor of being one of the four at the Duke's table, but, fortunately, was not his partner. Though blind, he was an excellent whist player, but extremely irritable if any mistake was made, except by his antagonists. Upon this occasion, besides losing my money, I gave him several opportunities of laughing at the blunders I committed. He played in the following manner: the cards being dealt, the Secretary of the Duke, who sat by his side, having sorted them according to a pre-arranged plan, a small piece of mahogany, containing fifty-two pegs, somewhat resembling a cribbage-board, was fastened with screws under the table; the thirteen pegs, indicating, in proper order, the cards he held, were removed by his Secretary, and his Grace would, in the space of a couple of minutes, by feeling the vacant holes in the board, ascertain what kind of hand had been dealt to him.

Abbé Maldeghem, his partner, got two or three severe scoldings for playing badly; but it is, perhaps, uncharitable to add, that I thought he sometimes made a slight mistake to afford the Duke an opportunity of showing his superior skill and knowledge of the game.

When I was first presented to the Duke D'Aremberg, he was still an extremely handsome man, with a prepossessing and majestic appearance, bearing a strong resemblance to the Royal Family of France; and, if report speaks true, he was always a great favorite of the ladies, to whom he invariably evinced the most delicate attentions. I have often envied him the pleasure he must have experienced when a handsome female was presented to him. He would ask permission to pass his hand over her features, that he might be able to judge whether her admirers had told him the truth respecting her beauty. Many fair blushing countenances have I seen thus examined. They would not have the heart to refuse the poor Duke.

Miss P., a lovely girl of eighteen, whose amiable disposition had caused her to be universally admired, was presented to him at Enghien, and he only uttered what all present knew, that—

"Thro' her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke,

and that each feature would have served as a model for a painter!"

When a lady particularly pleased him, he used to ask permission to offer her a keepsake ; sometimes a valuable book, a ring, a watch, and, now and then, his portrait, encircled with brilliants.

Before Miss P. left the Chateau, the Duke requested her to accept a small present, and placed in her hand a five franc piece, adding, "Keep this, my lovely Miss, in remembrance of a friend," The charming girl blushed on receiving this unusual gift, a silver coin, but etiquette would not admit of a refusal. "Ah !" exclaimed the Duke, "those sweet, pouting lips assure me you are angry, and yet I flatter myself that many a pretty damsel now here, will envy you the present !" He then sang the burthen of one of Gretey's favorite airs :—

Ne jugez pas sur l'apparence,
Tout est ici illusion ;
Les bonnes ou mauvaises actions
Ont partout leur récompense.

Miss. P., on examining the silver coin, observed a small diamond fixed on the edge, and on pressing it slightly, the five franc piece was suddenly split in two, and in the interior was a beautifully painted miniature, by Isabey, of the Duke, when twenty-one years of age.

The family of the Duke have been the cause of many poignant, heart-rending feelings to him. His eldest son, compelled by the Imperial Despot to assume his title and marry a woman he detested—obliged to take the command of a regiment, the whole of which, himself at their head, were taken prisoners in Spain, by, I think, the present Marquis of Anglesea.—His son, Prince Paul, afflicted with mental incapacity.—Prince Philip, his youngest child, thrown from his horse, and killed on the spot ; and his favorite daughter, Princess Schwartzenburgh, burnt to death.

I cannot vouch for the truth of the following anecdote, but I have heard its authenticity asserted by several Belgian and German Noblemen, and it is universally credited in Brussels. The father of the Duke, of whom I have been speaking, was married at an early age to a beautiful young person, in her sixteenth year. This nobleman's conduct, at that period, was highly blameable, being in the habit of frequenting the society of females of depraved character, and totally neglecting his charming bride. Her family, indignant at the ill-treatment she experienced, resolved to withdraw her from the dwelling of such a husband. With much reluctance, and after shedding many tears, she consented to leave her lord, who saw her depart to a remote country seat without evincing the least regret. He continued his profligate career during four years without thinking of his wife ; but this gentle creature, notwithstanding his unjust behavior, still entertained a feeling of tenderness, and cherished the hope, that some day would perhaps arrive when the Duke, who had been led astray by his wicked associates, would again return to the paths of virtue. About this time, a grand masquerade took place at Versailles, to which the Duke was invited. It happened that the Duchess, who for several years had assumed her maiden name, and was then residing with a relative at Paris, was also present at the Fête. Her mild and expressive features being covered with a mask, and a domino concealing her lovely form, she was not recognized by the Duke, with whom she had entered into conversation, and her exertions to please were crowned with success. The witty and sensible remarks that fell from her lips, her sprightly

engaging manners, which overstepped not the bounds of propriety, made a deep impression upon his mind, and secured his assiduous attentions during the whole night. He expressed his admiration, and declared his love—but in vain did he solicit her to remove the mask. She at first declined listening to his protestations of tenderness. She was about, she said, to enter a convent, and would shortly bid farewell to the vanities of the world. After the most pressing entreaties, on his part, she at length consented to see him once more, but only on the express condition that he would not endeavor to discover her name nor abode, and that at the next interview she should remain veiled, and be accompanied by an elderly female, upon whose discretion she placed the utmost reliance. They again met. The Duke was enchanted with her amiability and talents ;—his admiration knew no bounds, and falling at her knees, he tendered his hand, his fortune and title, to her. The lady now expressed surprise and indignation at such behavior, exclaiming, with much warmth, " Duke d' Aremberg ! your history is known to me—you are a married man ! "

" Oh ! heed not that circumstance," replied the Duke ; " my family possess unbounded influence at the Court of Rome. I will instantly despatch a confidential person to his Holiness, and having obtained a divorce, will you consent to be mine ? Difference of temper will not permit me to enjoy happiness with my present wife. Since our separation, her conduct has been irreproachable ; but she is quite indifferent about me, and will experience no sorrow on learning that I have pledged my faith and affection to another female. Besides, I have heard, from good authority, that it is her intention to enter a convent, and take the veil." " Before I give you any positive answer," replied the lady, " it is proper I should seriously reflect upon the matter, and consult my friends as to the propriety of encouraging your addresses ; however, you shall hear shortly to what decision I have come." A few days after, the following lines were handed to the Duke :—" I candidly admit a feeling of regard for you, which I am not justified in entertaining. Having made inquiries respecting you, with pain do I refer to the conduct of your past life. 'Tis true you have confessed to me the sorrow and disgust you experience. You say, that, from the moment you saw me, all your former associates have been left forever, and that I have effected a complete reform in your bad habits. The idea is a flattering one ; yet I believe you. You once married a female for her personal charms only,—moral perfections being deemed of minor importance ; but now grown wiser, you place a greater value upon imperishable qualities, and are also heedless about exterior loveliness. As I have an interested motive for not showing my face at present, you must consent to fancy me what you please till the day we are united forever. A great sacrifice you may deem it, but your previous conduct authorizes me to make the demand."

At the expiration of a few months, the Duke, having been successful in his application for a divorce, wrote to her to fix a day for the celebration of their nuptials, adding, that he had remained fixed in his resolutions, and was indebted to pure and sincere love in becoming an altered man. The time was appointed, and the greatest privacy desired. When kneeling at the foot of the altar, and about to press the trembling bride to his heart, she removed her veil, and the Duke recognized, in this amiable person, his neglected and beautiful wife.

It is unnecessary to add, that this romantic circumstance enhanced

the value of his treasures, and at the expiration of a twelvemonth the Duchess gave birth to a son and heir, the subject of the preceding anecdotes.

CASTE.

[The Court Journal.]—The intrigues—the finesse of pretenders or vain aspirants to fashionable fame, have formed many an amusing picture. The solicitations with which the leaders of the *haut ton*, who may justly be termed the conservators of caste, are annually beset—the diplomacy, the negociations, the interests which are involved, would puzzle a profound statesman. High life has a language, a policy, a tone of feeling, peculiarly its own. Rank and fashion have raised barriers, which wealth or talent, powerful as they are, cannot overleap. They must travel the common road, and pay heavy contributions at the turnpikes.

Fashion has many grades. In the first class are the Duchess of Northumberland, the Marchionesses of Londonderry, Bristol, the Ladies Patronesses, and one or two others ; to be upon whose visiting lists is the *nil ultra* of fashionable ambition. These presiding deities have obtained their influence from a combination of fortune, birth, wealth, and taste. Their rank stamps their opinions with authority. Their wealth enables them to command all that art can supply, or all that the most fastidious feeling can require ; while their taste sheds a lustre over their position.

The second class is composed of the daughters and wives of our most ancient families, who take their place in society as a matter of right, and are content most assiduously to follow where the first class lead. Sometimes a rebellious member of the second grade will oppose the despotism of the supreme government ; and, if possessed of fortune to give a rival splendor to their parties, as well as wit and spirit to make them go off with *éclat*, the warfare will run on for perhaps two successive seasons. Then negociations will ensue, or an armed neutrality be agreed upon, and the affair ends by the admission of the fair rebel into the highest grade. This, however, is a victory seldom achieved. The fashionable tyrants are jealous of their sway, and punish an unsuccessful attack with remorseless severity. The most abject conditions are insisted on,—such as never giving a party on any night which the higher powers may appropriate to themselves—resigning in their favor any engagement she may have entered into with a singing Lion, or any other fashionable monster—and limiting the number of her introductions.

A treaty of this nature was once sealed between the then leaders of caste and a late beautiful Countess. A party of reconciliation was given by the culprit, which her victors honored with their presence. The mortification, however, was more than her proud spirit could endure. She was gradually sinking under disgust, when an Indian relative died, leaving the accumulations of his life to her Ladyship. Long before the three months mourning had expired, war was again proclaimed, and the contest viewed with the deepest interest by the fashionable world. Aides-de-camp passed between the fair belligerents ; artists, musicians, upholsterers, were engaged ; and cards issued for

grand routs on the same evening by the Countess and the Duchess of ——. As the various parties sent in their adhesions, or, in less diplomatic phrase, their acceptances, the hopes of the fair rivals rose and fell. One was struggling to gain, the other to exclude. The world generally envies those whom fortune has favored, and the party of the Duchess began to preponderate. Two Royal Dukes had signified their intention to be present at her party. The countess was in despair ; tears and hysterics followed. Her husband, who tenderly loved her, was a friend and boon companion of the late King. At the husband's solicitation, the Regent promised to grace the Countess's rout. The affair was kept a most profound secret. The eventful night arrived. The saloons of the Duchess were crowded ; those of the Countess about two-thirds filled. Emissaries passed from the one camp to the other, so that the state of affairs was accurately known. All wondered at the spirit with which the Countess bore her supposed mortification ; and her staunchest friends began to think of withdrawing to her successful rival. At that moment the Regent was announced, and, leaning on the arm of her husband, his Highness entered the room. The secret of her Ladyship's high spirits was now ascertained, and the friends who had contemplated deserting her, now congratulated themselves on their prudence. The news was quickly conveyed to the party at the Duchess's, and her rooms began to thin rapidly. She inquired the cause ; and, learning that the Regent was at her rival's party, felt herself vanquished.

A new treaty was speedily concluded, by which the Countess was allowed to give her parties on any night she chose, have whom she pleased—in short, was admitted to all the privileges of the highest grade.

The third class is composed of the maiden ladies of rank and widows of small fortunes, who, in consideration of their families and connexions, are admitted within the pale of fashion—employed as aristocratic ambassadors and ushers of ceremony. It is chiefly through their interest that the wealthy pretender is first noticed, and permitted to advance by gradual steps, like some votary approaching a sacred shrine. They form her manners, direct her expenses, invite whom they please to her parties, solicit the notice of their honorable relatives, and if they do not absolutely charge so much per head for the number of lords and ladies of quality whom they persuade to notice their protegé, they do so in effect,—by occasional loans which are never repaid, the absolute command of their houses, carriages, and country seats.

The fourth class are those who, by dint of wealth and magnificent entertainments, have established a footing for themselves, and can just venture to give a party without soliciting some friend of the third class to superintend either the arrangements or invitations ; but in doing this, they have much to struggle with. Those above them still feel a delight in repressing their advances and throwing them out in their calculations. One wealthy lady, now elevated to the peerage, used to issue her cards requesting the *friends* who honored her *fêtes*, on which she expended thousands, to name the day most convenient to themselves. The majority prevailed, and where a difference of opinion existed, great efforts were made to remove it. A morning call was the first movement. During that, the arrival of some superb Cashmeres, or foreign lace, was hinted at, and a visit to inspect them proposed. Any article particularly admired was pressed upon their acceptance,

and while good humor prevailed, it was just hinted that Thursday would be so much more convenient, if her *dear friend*, Lady A——, or the Countess of H——, did not object.

A late royal Duke, who used to visit the lady, was the most expensive guest she ever received.

One great error with this last grade of fashion, is, that they fancy themselves established too soon, and venture to give an *independent* party. Could they sometimes hear the bitter sarcasm, the severe ridicule, which, from their fashionable friends, they undergo, while, perhaps, they imagine their elegance to be the admiration of the circle by which they are surrounded, how quickly would they withdraw their idle, ridiculous pretensions, and content themselves with the respectability of wealth, without assuming the manners and exclusive tone of fashion.

COLONEL REBSOMEN.

[The Court Journal.]—They who have been at Dieppe, have probably visited the romantic ruins of the Château d'Arcque, about three miles from the town. It is situated upon a considerable eminence, and commands the whole adjacent country. In the valley below, the decisive battle between Henri Quatre and the Duke de Mayenne was fought: to this victory the King of France was indebted for his throne. On this same spot, many other sanguinary contests have taken place; the small river that runs through it has often been colored with gore, and there is scarcely a hillock, but carries with it an association of human strife—of battles fought and won.

On my last visit to this place, I accompanied General B. to call upon a friend of his who resided near the ruins of the Château. A pretty, white cottage, in the English style, and a large garden attached to it, is at the foot of the hill, and is the dwelling of Colonel Rebsomen and his family, whom he had come to visit. The Colonel was, when we were announced, at a music desk, his young wife and three lovely children grouped around him. They had been performing a concert, and, after the first salutations were terminated, they proceeded with the musical entertainment. I do not recollect ever having had a greater treat. Colonel R. is, perhaps, as excellent a performer on the flute as any living professor; his wife accompanied him, with great talent, upon the harp, singing at the time, and the sweet little voices of the children joining in chorus. I experienced a more particular interest, upon the occasion, in observing that although the execution upon the flute was perfect, the Colonel had but one arm, and the instrument he employed, of his own invention, was of a very peculiar construction; it had sixteen keys, and attached to a stand upon which it moved with a pivot. His father, whose "head was silvered o'er with age," dwelt in the same house. From the latter gentleman I received the following interesting particulars:—

Napoleon, in his retreat in October, 1813, found that the Bavarian army, under the command of Prince Wrede, had taken up a strong position near Hanau, and all the heights were in their possession. No alternative remained but to surrender, as they were followed up in the rear by the allied armies, or make a desperate effort, and cut through

the apparently inexpugnable positions of General Wrede. The emperor, having assembled a Council of war, among whom was Colonel Rebsomen, he explained to them the awful situation in which the army was placed ; notwithstanding the extreme danger to which they would be exposed, an attack was resolved upon, and they determined either to force a passage through the enemy's lines, or perish in the attempt. The father of the Colonel held a subordinate situation in his son's regiment, being then a Chef de Bataillon ; he had been recently wounded, and was in so debilitated a state, that he was scarcely able to attend to his duties. The Colonel informed his father that in two hours an attack was to be made against the Bavarian troops, and requested him to remain where he was, as there would be no chance of his being able to keep up with the troops during the charge they were about to make. The gallant veteran would not, however, comply, and resolved to encounter the same danger as his son.

The time had now come when the troops were to advance, and the Colonel finding that his father would not consent to his wishes, and knowing that he would meet with certain death in the attack upon the heights, by virtue of his authority he placed him under arrest, and ordered two soldiers to remain and guard him. The French rushed onward to the charge, and dreadful was the slaughter that ensued before they got possession of the nearest height. Colonel Rebsomen, at the head of his regiment, was the first to attain the summit, when a shot from a neighboring battery struck him a little above the knee, and carried off his leg ; the soldiers near him, in spite of the tremendous fire of cannon and grape shot, bandaged the shattered limb, and forming a kind of brancard with their muskets, placed him upon their shoulders, and continued to advance. Another shot took a dreadful effect, two of his supporters were killed, and the left arm of the Colonel was taken away by the same blow : he fell to the earth, and the soldiers, despairing of his life, abandoned him to his fate. It is known that at an immense sacrifice of life the French troops at length succeeded in cutting their way through the Bavarian army. It was fortunate for the Colonel that the French medical *ambulence* remained in the rear. Every surgical assistance was administered. The father and son were taken prisoners ; and the Colonel ascribed his speedy restoration to the unremitting care of his parent, who never left his bed-side until a perfect cure of his severe wound was effected. The Duchess de Berry never visited Dieppe without invariably paying a visit to the poor Colonel ; and at all the musical entertainments given at this watering place, this brave officer, although deprived of two limbs, is the most efficient of the performers. Before I took my leave of this amiable family, upon expressing my feelings for the loss he had sustained, he said with much cheerfulness,—" So far from pitying, you ought almost to envy me the happiness I enjoy. Rely upon it, my dear Sir, *tout est pour le mieux dans le meilleur des mondes possibles.*"

THE COURT OF CHANCERY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

[FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]—[*Lord Brougham enters with a nosegay of fresh bay ; bows to the bar, and takes his seat.*]

A Junior Counsel. My lord !

Lord Chancellor. Well, sir !

Junior Counsel. If your lordship pleases, I wish to move—

Lord Chancellor. Move, sir !—sit down, sir ! Did not I say I would hear only petitions to-day ? I am astonished that you should attempt to act in defiance of my orders ! I have a vehement suspicion that this is a part of the conspiracy, of which I have somewhat heard—I say no more : but I have a strong arm, and will use it. Call the petitions !

Junior Counsel. My lord ! I give your lordship my assurance—

Lord Chancellor. Keep it yourself, sir ! I want it not—at least, so some persons say. [*A titter, in which his lordship graciously joins.*] Come, come—call the petitions ! [*Registrar calls the first petition.*]

Lord Chancellor. Who appears in this ? Who is for the petitioner ? —O, you, sir ! [*Addressing another junior counsel.*] Well—

Junior Counsel. No, my lord, I hold no brief in this.

Lord Chancellor. Then why stand up, sir, and make me think so ?

Junior Counsel. My lord, I rose to leave the Court.

Lord Chancellor. Sit down, sir, and do not reply on the Court—do not let me be again deceived by your rising. I have a strong suspicion that your intentions—but no matter ; go on with the petitions. Who appears in this ? Is there no one in this ? What are the facts ? Is there any one for the defence ? The affidavits are numerous—plenty of swearing, I see ; and, I dare say, most judiciously concocted. A vast deal of paper sacrificed—for the purposes of delay, I suppose : I have known such things at common law. Who opens the petition ?

A Solicitor. The Solicitor General, my lord ; he will be here directly.

Lord Chancellor. Here directly ! I see him not. Send to his chambers instantly, and say the Court waits. This is extremely provoking—it would not be tolerated at common law. When I was in practice, I was never later than ten o'clock in my attendance in Court ; though I was, at the same time, a member of parliament, where, I believe, I took a pretty active share in the proceedings. On one occasion, I pleaded in the morning in the House of Lords ; in the afternoon, attended a meeting at the London University ; dined with the members of the Mechanics' Institute at four o'clock ; looked into the Piazza Coffee House at eight, where I settled a bottle of port with the Beefsteak Club ; and then presenting myself on the floor of the House of Commons, I made a speech of seven hours' duration, on the state of the law, which was highly extolled by my friends, and indeed, I may say, by the nation—but this is idle. O ! I forgot to name, that the next morning I was in Court by nine o'clock. I may be asked whether I had read my briefs, and knew my client's case ; but on that point I think it unnecessary to speak. Where is the Solicitor General ? Can the Court do nothing till he comes ? The public shall know that I do *my* duty. A gentleman wished to move when I came into Court ; is he still here ? Oh, you, sir !—yes. Well, sir, what is your motion ?

Junior Counsel. I trust your lordship will excuse me ——

Lord Chancellor. There is no occasion for trusting at all, sir ; nor have I time to excuse. Come at once to the point.

Junior Counsel. If your lordship pleases, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gob——

Lord Chancellor. Exactly so, sir—exactly so—you need not pro-

ceed—I perfectly understand you ; the point you wish to urge is this —you wish—yes, I see, sir, I see—but I cannot——

Junior Counsel. Gobble, gob——

Lord Chancellor. Interrupt me not, sir ; I shall not make this order —it would be as absurd as your reasoning, and a disgrace even to the Court of Session in Scotland, my opinions of the judges whereof, peradventure, are well known. Have you nothing to add, sir ? Where is the Solicitor General ? Silence !—door-keeper, turn out all in the Court, and keep silence. This is the only court of justice in which the *mob* are permitted to make a noise—the lowest police office is more decent. Where is the Solicitor General ? I shall leave the court for five minutes, and return.

A Stranger. My lord, my lord !

Lord Chancellor. Well, sir, what do you want ?

Stranger. I am called upon, my lord, to swear to certain facts, otherwise my property will seriously suffer through a suit in this Court ; now my conscience does not permit me to take an oath.

Lord Chancellor. Are you a Quaker ?

Stranger. No, my lord.

Lord Chancellor. I cannot help you. The law assists the conscientious scruples of Quakers—turn Quaker, and then you will be relieved as you wish.

Stranger. My lord, I cannot ; the Quakers hold opinions repugnant to mine.

Lord Chancellor. Then I cannot help you, sir ; but I think you are wrong in your notions, and may easily satisfy yourself that there is no crime in taking the oath required of you.

Stranger. My lord, I cannot do so upon conscientious principles.

Lord Chancellor.—No doubt, no doubt—it is a conscientious *objection ;* but your principles are mistaken. Listen to me ; I have had discussions with many valuable friends on this point—with Mr. Jeremy Bentham, and with my esteemed friend Mr. Place, the tailor—I will furnish you with a few hints for your guidance. This is Saturday ; to morrow is Sunday, and a very proper day—the most proper, you know—for a conference with one's conscience ; think the matter over, and on Monday come here again—I have no doubt you will alter your opinion. The law of the country calls on you to take an oath ; now neither you nor I can alter a law, and we must both obey it, though it be bad. God commands us to obey the laws—look to your Bible—and if you obey a bad law, God's punishment will fall, not on you, but on the bad law-makers. Therefore your conscience may be satisfied in obeying even a bad law, since an obedience of the laws is one of our greatest duties. You may on these grounds, I think, fearlessly take the oath. Think this over. To-morrow is Sunday, and a very fit day for such meditation ;—I have no doubt you will swear the affidavit on Monday.

Stranger.—My Lord, I must differ—

Lord Chancellor.—Wait till Monday, wait till Monday. Dear me, where is the Solicitor General ? This is totally irrelevant to the business of the court ; I cannot waste the public time in directing the consciences of individuals—I have enough to do as keeper of the king's. I see that nobody is ready for business in this court but myself. There is a conspiracy I see ; and yet surely the Solicitor General —— But I am determined to sit and do my duty—I shall be in court from nine

o'clock in the morning till twelve at night daily till November—the court has a strong arm and will use it. After that time I will hear motions, if pressing, in my bed chamber. My friend and secretary, Mr. Le Marchant, has kindly suggested the adoption of a night-bell at my house, so that there will be every facility afforded by me to the profession and the public, at a great sacrifice of personal comfort on my part. The press, I know, will approve of this arrangement—they are the best judges. Mr. Secretary, let me have all the morning papers to-morrow, except the *Post*—that is too much of a *croaker*. Who dares say that I am garrulous, and fond of hearing myself talk ? It is a base and atrocious calumny. I talk less than Lord Bacon, my predecessor *longo intervallo ;* far less than Lord Eldon, my more immediate forerunner ; and more to the purpose than either. The *Times*—which I never see—says so ; and who doubts the *Times* ? But where is the Solicitor General ? Oh, Mr. Solicitor, we have been awaiting you.

Solicitor General [*being a Radical.*]—My lord, I humbly beg pardon——

Lord Chancellor.—Not at all, not at all, Mr. Solicitor [*urbanely*] ; I am sure you were elsewhere usefully employed—do not name it.

Hereupon the Solicitor General made a luminous exposition of his client's case ; and at the conclusion of his speech, the Lord Chancellor (on the principle of *audi alteram partem*) said his mind was made up, and pronounced a judgment highly satisfactory to Mr. Solicitor General.

TOMB OF ROUSSEAU.

(With an Engraving.)

[Mirror.]—Who has not heard of the romantic genius of Rousseau ? —one of "the illustrious" of the last century, in the literature of French philosophy. Again, who has not lamented that his sentimentalities are so disfigured with self-degradation and bad passion ? His picture of himself in childhood, represents him of a warm and sensual temperament, and replete with mental and corporeal susceptibility. His whole life is *a romance* darkened over with woes of his own infliction, and only made tolerable to himself by uncurbed license and extravagant conceit. It was a dream harrowed up with many horrible wakings. His fine talents were prostituted, politically and morally, to purposes which seemed only framed to divert mankind from the pursuit of happiness, and exhaust them with fond excess. Yet such a man desired to be buried in a garden, a place which "fills the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and lays all its turbulent passions at rest."

Rousseau, it appears, died at Ermenonville, July 2, 1778, and was buried in the Isle of Poplars, about ten leagues from Paris. Jaded nigh unto death with the controversies which he himself had provoked, and the strife which he had stirred up, in 1775 he consented to renounce all further discussion on the topics which had involved him in so many hostilities. He had before tried this relief in solitude, but like all misanthropes and solitudinarians, though always praising this ascetic life, he could never bear to be long out of the general gaze. Suspicion of a supposed confederacy—a sort of revenge which growing years had brought him to fear from the world, which he had abused—led him, in March 1777, to accept the invitation of the Marquess de

Girardin, to reside with his wife in a small house, near the latter's beautiful seat of Ermenonville. Here Rousseau died of apoplexy, having requested his host to bury him in his garden. Girardin, who entertained a kindred love of gardens, complied with this request, and caused the monumental tribute in the engraving to be erected to the memory of Rousseau.

Girardin, it may here be mentioned, wrote *De la Composition de Paysages*. He kept a band of musicians to perambulate the charming grounds of Ermenonville, performing concerts sometimes in the leafy orchestra of the woods, at other times on the water, and at night adjoining his hall of company. How must this minstrelsy have enchanted these romantic regions !

Our engraving is copied from a large print published at Paris in 1781, when the original was engraved by Godefroy, of "the Imperial and Royal Academy of Vienna," from a drawing "after nature," by Gandat. The French description of the print may be rendered thus: —On the tomb, beneath a palm, the emblem of fecundity, is seated a woman, supporting with one hand a babe she is suckling, and placing the other on "Emile," (one of Rousseau's finest works ;) near her are mothers offering fruits and flowers upon an altar erected before a statue of Nature ; on the other side, one of their children is setting fire to swaddling clothes, bands, and stays,—the encumbrances or fetters of early life ; whilst other children are dancing and playing with a cap of liberty, placed on a pole. Beside this bas-relief, at the right end pilaster is a statue of *Harmony* playing a lyre, and at the corresponding end is a figure of *Eloquence*, holding a flute and a thunderbolt, the emblems of sweetness and might. Upon the pediment is a coronal wreath encircling the words "*Vitam impendere vero :*" (a Life of Truth.) Upon the opposite side of the tomb is engraved this epitaph —"*Ici repose l'homme de la Nature et de la Verité,*" (here rests the man of truth and nature,) and upon the pilasters corresponding with those seen in the engraving, are sculptured *Nature* represented by a mother suckling two infants, and *Truth* by a female holding a torch. On the pediment are two doves expiring beneath two torches smoking and partly extinguished under the foot of the Urn of Julie (*Julie, ou la nouvelle Heloise*, another of Rousseau's works ;) at each end of the tomb is a lacrymatory vase.

Votive tombs, tablets, &c., to Rousseau, were not uncommon some few years since. In the Earl of Harcourt's garden, at Nuneham, in Oxfordshire (laid out in some parts under the eye and fine taste of the poet Mason), on a bust of Rousseau are these lines :

> Say, is thy honest heart to virtue warm?
> Can genius animate thy feeling breast?
> Approach, behold this venerable form:
> 'Tis Rousseau !—let thy bosom speak the rest.

Perhaps we have been somewhat harsh in our strictures on Rousseau ; but here is a passage from his biographers, compiled in Gorton's Dictionary :—"With the exception, possibly, of Cardan, no writer ever related circumstances so humiliating and degrading of himself; but while ostensibly executed as a self-imposed task of contrition, it was evidently a tribute to vanity and self-importance. Although abounding with excellent analyses of sentiment and action, it is dangerous, for the manner in which the virtues and vices are constantly

confounded, not to mention the disgusting nature of a species of mental exposure, as nauseous as a similar display of bodily infirmities would be, if made with equal minuteness and as little necessity. A sense of shame has many beautiful uses, and a cynical contempt for it has a very equivocal pretension to the name of philosophy. Another posthumous work, entitled 'Les Rêveries du Promeneur solitaire,' which gives a view of his thoughts and sentiments at a later period, is also a very characteristic production, and with several other smaller pieces in vindication of himself, may be studied with a view to a due understanding of this moral and literary phenomenon, who after all was possibly moved by two or three very simple springs of action, from first to last, the principal of which was, utter and entire self-engrossment. To the list of his writings already enumerated, many more might be added, which equally mark his peculiar warmth and energy of style, and vigor of thinking. Rousseau exercised great influence over the theoretical opinions of the age, at the period of the French Revolution, when his 'Social Contract' was a favorite political authority. His reputation has since greatly declined; but while the French language exists, he must always be regarded as one of the greatest authors to be found in it."

Varieties.

The Month of July shines conspicuous in the annals of Liberty. On the 26th of July, 1581, was issued the Edict of the Confederates of the Low Countries, by which they renounced obedience to Philip II. On the 11th of July, 1690, was the battle of the Boyne, where James II. was defeated, and lost forever the throne of England. On the 4th July, 1776, the United States of America declared their Independence. On the 14th July, 1789, the Bastile was taken; and on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, the Paris Revolution took place, which expelled Charles X. from the throne of France.

Grand Duke Michael.—Since the fate of Poland seems to be sealed by the event of the 8th of September, it will be grateful to the friends of that gallant people to know, that the Grand Duke Michael, who, on that day, received the *bread and salt* tribute of duty from the constituted authorities of Warsaw, at its gates, is a prince eminent for the mildness of his disposition, and the generous principles of his character. His wife, her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Helene, (now in England for a short visit for the re-establishment of her health,) is a princess of the same amiable qualities. The Grand Duke is the only surviving brother of the Emperor Nicolas.

The Polish Aristocracy.—Much has been said of the hundreds of thousands of nobles in Poland. They must not, however, be confounded with the aristocracy of other countries. They had no exclusive privileges; they could boast neither entails nor hereditary dignities, nor, in fact, any distinction which appertains to the feudal lord of the soil. The great bulk of the nobility were rich if they possessed a few acres of land, a horse, and a sabre; and were nothing more than a permanent caste, bequeathing their patricianship from father to son. Great damage was done to this caste by the second partition of Poland.

Aphorisms.—The reason why the dishonest man, and sometimes even the fool, are more successful in their journey through life than the man of honor and talent, is simply this :—the dishonest man and the fool have less difficulty in assimilating themselves to the manners and tone of the world in general—which is, in fact, nothing but dishonesty and folly ; while, on the other hand, the man of honor and talent, not being able to enter immediately into a commerce with society, loses an opportunity the most precious for "pushing his fortune." The first are merchants, who, knowing the language of the country, dispose of their goods, and provision themselves without delay ; the others are obliged to learn the language of the sellers and the purchasers, before they can either submit their merchandize to public inspection, or enter into any arrangements. *Sometimes they disdain to make themselves acquainted with this language, and then they return to their own homes without even a handsel.*

The woman who values her mental quality more than her beauty, is superior to her sex. She who esteems herself more on account of her beauty than of her talents, is of her sex. But she who prides herself more on her birth than her beauty, is out of her sex, and above her sex.

The Murder of Beccafumi.—Andrea del Castagno, an artist of considerable repute, owed much of the success he had met with to the kindness and instructions of his friend Domenico Beccafumi, one of the most beautiful colorists of his time. From what Domenico communicated to him, Andrea suspected that he possessed some secrets in regard to color, which gave Domenico so proud a pre-eminence in this branch. Ingratiating himself still farther into his confidence, he at length received the utmost proof of friendship which a friend could bestow—a knowledge of the means by which he himself rose to distinction, supposed to have been the secret of painting in oil. Andrea resolved to appropriate it to his own fame, and conceived the horrid idea of murdering the friend to whom he was indebted for it. With terrific rapidity the deed followed the diabolic impulse which inspired it. He knew that Domenico had just rambled out with his lute into the fields ; it was evening ; and, seizing the instrument of death, he hastened to place himself at a remote spot by which Domenico was accustomed to pass on his return at nightfall.

There the demon in human shape waited patiently for his victim, wrestling with the relenting pang which ever yields to the desperate purpose of the man of blood. He caught the glimpse of a shadow—he heard a footstep approach—he knew it ; and as Domenico passed he struck him with a heavy leaden weight one blow upon the chest. It crushed at once the lute and the breast of his friend, who, uttering a cry, fell to the earth ; while Andrea, rushing from the place, regained his apartment, and resumed his work. Scarcely had he seated himself, before two countrymen hastily entered, bearing tidings that a dying man, whom they had found, had directed them to him, beseeching he would hasten to a wounded friend.

Andrea, affecting the utmost surprise, ran back with them to the place ; and the unfortunate Domenico, it is related, actually breathed his last sigh in the murderer's arms. The fact was only revealed when Andrea was on his death-bed ; and then with no expression of remorse. What is more singular, he was interred in the exact spot where slept the remains of his victim.

Eccentricity.—Eccentricity finds eccentric reasons for its doings. Schlager, a Danish man of fortune, sold his estate, and fixed in the northernmost corner of Iceland. He said that he fixed there because he hated the confined air of Europe, and chose to have his breeze fresh from the pole.

An Englishman, some years ago, was found vegetating in the midst of bogs and solitudes, in a village on the west coast of Ireland. His reason was, to be in the next post-town to America.

A Spaniard perched his house on the summit of the Sierra Morena On being asked, "why he preferred that place of clouds, storms, and solitude?" he said, "that he was tired of mankind, and the clouds hid mankind from him; that he was tired of his wife's tongue, and that the storms drowned her talk; and as to the solitude, he could not be solitary, who had the angels for his next-door neighbors."

Excessive Friendship.—Hurring (king of Sweden, in the year b. c. 2983) after a bloody war which he undertook against Hading, King of Denmark, to revenge the death of his brother, changed of a sudden his violent hatred against his enemy, into an excess of friendship. A peace was concluded between the two princes with a solemn oath on both sides, that on the death of either, the other should not survive him. Not long after, Hading was falsely reported to have been murdered by his own daughter; which Hurring believing, resolved to die according to his promise. In pursuance of this design, he regaled his friends and the chief persons of the kingdom with a sumptuous entertainment, and at the conclusion of the feast, being drunk, he threw himself into a deep tub full of mead, where he was drowned. Hading was sorely vexed at the news, but resolving to imitate the generosity of his friend, he hanged himself in the sight of all his people.

The Danish Vulgate.—In the year 1527, the Danish sovereign embraced Protestantism, and his example was universally followed by his subjects. It is somewhat remarkable, that, up to the present day, no earlier translation of the Scriptures into the vulgar tongue, than that which was published four years antecedent to this event, should have been known, even in Denmark itself. Professor Molbech of Copenhagen has, however, at length discovered a version, which was executed by some unknown hand between the year 1470 and 1480; nearly half a century, therefore, before Tyndall published his New Testament. The MS. itself is in the Royal Library at Copenhagen, and contains 319 sheets of paper in small folio, of which Professor Molbech has now laid 210 before the Danish public. It is as literal a translation from the Latin vulgate as the edition of 1524 was from Luther's version.

Conjugal Complaisance.—The following specimen of conjugal complaisance will seem "passing strange" to untraveled English readers: Mr. V——, a gentleman residing near Versailles, was in his cabriolet, accompanied by his cara-sposa, and her young *cavalier servente*. They drove to inspect a chateau, which was on sale. When about midway on the route, the fair lady let fall her pocket handkerchief; her obliging husband descended to pick it up, but scarce had his foot touched the ground, when the young cavalier whipped the steed furiously, and was soon out of sight. The deserted *mari* thought, of *course*, that the horse had taken fright; but the truth could not long

be concealed. Madame V—— had proved another Helen, and the cavalier a modern Paris ! No tidings have yet been received of the faithless consort, the false cavalier, or the cabriolet and *cheval.*

The Grand Duchess Helene and Prince Frederick of Wirtemburg, with their extensive suite, occupy the whole of the Clarendon Hotel in Old Bond street, London, with the exception of the coffee room, which continues open to the public. The daily expenditure of these royal and noble personages, including their attendants, amounts to $444. Seventy-five pair of wax-lights are consumed every evening.

Betting.—Amonst other fashionable follies imported into Paris from England, that of betting, or laying wagers, is become very prevalent, of late, with the young men of *ton.* I witnessed, the other morning, a most distressing event, arising out of one of those *paires* "against time," as they are termed in sporting phraseology. Returning from an early promenade, I saw a tilbury, drawn by a young gentleman, in the place of a *horse*, suddenly stop at the Barrière d'Etoile ; at the same instant, the hapless youth fell to the ground, exclaiming, "*Je suis mort !*" and died on the spot. The body was taken into the *bureau de l'Octroi*, and medical aid applied, but in vain ; he had ruptured a blood-vessel, in drawing the tilbury from the Rue d'Angoulême to the *barrière*,—about a mile of rising ground,—within the space of an hour, for a wager of 500 francs ! He was "the only son of his mother, a widow" lady of great respectability, who lost her husband at the attack of Algiers.

Polish Chiefs.—The property of most of the chiefs of the late Polish army has been sequestrated. It is reported, however, that the heroic Countess de Plater has been released from "durance vile," and that she is now placed under the *surveillance* of the Russian police. Her gallant brother has escaped, but the whole of his immense possessions are confiscated.

Narrow Escape.—"Just before we reached the mouth of this contracted defile, a buzz from the head of the column proclaimed the enemy's infantry to be at hand, and the musketry had no sooner commenced, than an officer, who had been amusing himself by the perusal of a volume of *Gil Blas*, hastily placed it under the breast of his grey pelisse : almost at the same instant a musket ball buried itself in the middle of the book, and displaced him from his horse, without inflicting any further injury. It is a curious fact, that the exact pattern of the silk braiding of the pelisse was indented in the leaden bullet."

Cooke's Narrative.

"It was here I saw the remarkable death of one of the rifle corps, who had killed a French soldier, and who, before he had taken his rifle from the level, received a ball through his body, which caused him such excruciating agony, that his face was all at once distorted, his eyes rolled, and his lips, blackened with the biting of cartridges, convulsively opened. His teeth were tightly clenched ; his arms and legs were thrown into an extended position, and he held out his rifle, grasped at arm's length, and remained stationary in this extraordinary attitude for a few moments, until he dropped down dead, as suddenly as if struck by a flash of lightning."—*Ib.*

WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SPECTACLES.

JUST received, by the subscriber, an assortment of Gold and Silver WATCHES. Among which, are a few Gold Lepine Watches, which are recommended as a very suitable article for Ladies' wear.

ALSO,

A variety of Set and Fillagree Jewelry, most of which are of recent and fashionable patterns. Likewise, SPECTACLES, in all their variety.

WM. S. WILLIS,

153 Washington Street, (directly opposite the Old South.) Oct. 1.

JOHN WILSON & CO.

No. 25 *State Street, Boston,*

TAKE this opportunity of informing their friends and the public, that they are now opening their stock of Fall and Winter Goods, which they have imported direct from London. Among which, may be found, all the most fashionable colored CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, and VESTINGS, of the best quality.

They would further advise the public, that they receive full suits of Clothes, twice a year, from the first Tailoring Establishments in London; together with all the London publications relative to Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fashions, all of which are kept at their store for the examination of their friends.

☞ Any person ordering Garments at their establishment, may depend on their being of the first fashion, quality and workmanship. Sept. 15.

COMBS, HAIR WORK, PERFUMERY, AND FANCY GOODS.

E. & L. WILLARD, No. 107 Washington Street, Boston,

HAVE constantly on hand, for sale, every description of Shell and Imitation COMBS; a large assortment of French Hair Work; viz.—Ladies' and Gentlemen's Wigs, Top Pieces, Bands, Long Hair, plain and curled Frizettes; Puffs on Wire; do. on Curls and Netts; Bunches of Curls, &c.

A very extensive assortment of English and French PERFUMERY, imported direct and warranted genuine.

☞ All of which will be sold, Wholesale or Retail, at the lowest cash prices.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

N. NUTTING, No. 43 *Cornhill,*

HAS received her Winter Fashions, consisting of BONNETS, HATS, HOODS, CAPS, and TURBANS, of every description.

NEW WORKS.

Just received, at the Columbian Circulating Library,—Philip Augustus; The King's Secret; Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative of his Shipwreck; Tarqueline of Holland; Adventures of Caleb Williams, &c. &c. Dec. 15.

ARTHUR & FEDERHEN,

204

Washington Street, (nearly opposite Marlboro' Hotel.)

SHELL Combs cemented at TEN CENTS a TOOTH! Combs polished at SIX CENTS each!! WROUGHT COMBS repaired in superior style, by CEMENTING or RIVETING!!!

CASH FOR OLD SHELL.

☞ An assortment of Combs, Jewelry, and Fancy Goods, for sale. Aug. 1.

ELEGANT ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET.

ATKINSON'S DEPILATORY, for removing superfluous Hair on the *Face*, *Neck*, or *Arms*, with equal certainty and safety, leaving the skin softer and whiter than before the application.

CURLING FLUID, or VEGETATIVE HAIR OIL, which strengthens the growth of the Hair and causes it to retain its curl in exercise or the dampest atmosphere.

Ambrosial, Rose, Camphor, Almond, and other high-scented SOAPS.

KALYDOR for the Complexion—Boquet de Hauton—Boquet de Rose—Macassar Oil—Milk of Almonds—Concentrated Essence of Lavender—Genuine Cologne—Hudson's Botanic Tooth Powder and Tincture—Do. Tooth Brushes in sets. With a general assortment of elegant high-scented Perfumes and Essences.

Also, superior Hair, Tooth, Nail, Flesh, and Comb Brushes.

Wholesale or Retail, at the Music Saloon, 36 *Cornhill, late Market Street.* July 15.

WILLIAM W. MOTLEY,

DRAPER & TAILOR,

TAKES this opportunity to inform his customers, friends, and all others who are dissatisfied with their *old clothes*, that he keeps constantly on hand a good assortment of FASHIONABLE READY MADE CLOTHING, which he is always prepared to sell at a *small profit.*

Likewise a prime stock of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings.

Such of his customers as prefer to have their clothes made to order, may be assured that every *garment* made at his *establishment* shall be equal in style and workmanship to any other in this city.

A great variety of Fancy Articles, viz: Hdkfs., Stocks, Dickeys, Gloves, Suspenders, Hosiery, &c. &c.

Last, though not least, Masonic Aprons and Sashes, kept constantly on hand, and made to order.

N. B. Particular attention paid to Cutting.

16 Congress street, Boston. July 1.

BOSTON COMB MANUFACTORY.

ALFRED WILLARD,

149 *Washington Street, (opposite the Old South Meeting-House,) Boston.*

BOSTON CARVED LARGE COMBS ; Do. do. Round do. ; Do. do. Side do. ; Do. do. Neck do. ; Do. do. Crescent do. *All sizes, New and Elegant Patterns, from* 25 *cents to* $20 *each.*

LARGE PLAIN SHELL COMBS, all sizes, from $1 to $6 each.

PLAIN SHELL SIDE COMBS ; Do. do. Round do. ; Do. do. Neck do. ; Plain Shell Dressing Combs ; Do. do. Pocket do. all kinds ; Fine Ivory Combs ; Horn Dressing do. ; Do. Pocket do. very superior qualities.

PLAIN AND IMPRESSED HORN COMBS, all sizes, 25 cts. to $10 per dozen.

*** *The assortment of Combs will be found equal to any in Boston.*

☞ *Dealers are requested to call before purchasing.*

CARVED OR PLAIN COMBS made or repaired at short notice. Cash paid for Shell and Horns.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND,

ENGLISH AND FRENCH HAIR WORK, Viz :

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WIGS ; Top Pieces ; Plain and Curled Frizetts ; Bands of Long Hair ; Bunches of Curls ; Puff Curls, &c. ; Mohair Puffs ; Do. Netts ; Boxes of Curled Hair.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH PERFUMERY, Viz :

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL ; Do. Kalydor ; Atkinson's Bear's Grease ; Do. Vegetable Dye ; Do. Curling Fluid ; Prentiss's Bear's Oil ; Antique Oils ; Farina's Cologne Water, very superior ; Pearl Powder ; Hudson's Tooth Powder ; Milk of Roses ; Pomatum ; Otto of Rose ; Naples Soap, in pots ; Hair Powder.

A GREAT VARIETY of ENGLISH and FRENCH SOAPS, &c.

☞ Purchasers of PERFUMERY may rely upon obtaining the best kinds, as it is imported DIRECT from the Manufacturers, and warranted genuine.

Gold Beads, Silver Spoons, Silver Thimbles, &c.

ENGLISH, FRENCH AND AMERICAN BRUSHES,

Viz—Hair, Cloth, Nail, Comb, Tooth, Shaving and other Brushes.

Fancy and Miscellaneous Articles, viz :

MOROCCO RETICULES ; Purses ; Pocket Books ; Wallets ; Needle Books ; Bead Reticules and Purses ; Fans ; Emery Cushions ; Rodgers' Knives and Scissors ; Silver and Steel Pens ; Dressing and Shaving Cases ; Emperson's superior Razor Straps ; Visiting Cards ; Screw Cushions ; Velvet do. ; Hair Pins ; Watch Ribbons ; Indelible Marking Ink ; Letter Stamps ; Purse Clasps, &c. &c. &c.

☞ All of which will be sold Wholesale or Retail, low for Cash.

NEW AND IMPROVED STYLE OF PAINTING,

BY THE USE OF SPONGE.

MR. JONES respectfully proposes to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Boston, to give lessons explanatory of his New System of Painting. This system differs from all others now in use. In point of softness, the painting resembles fine engraving; in brilliancy and blending of colors, they far surpass all conception of former styles. This is an excellent style for painting scrap tables, screens, boxes, waiters, &c. It saves the trouble of transferring prints.—Lessons will also be given in Crayons, Japanning, and Ebony work.

An Evening Class will commence on the 17th inst. for a new style of Landscape Painting with a preparation of lead.

Specimens of various kinds may be seen by calling at Washington Hall, opposite head of Franklin Street.

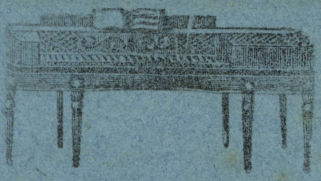
Ladies can receive lessons at their respective dwellings, if they request it.

N. B. A few specimens of Mr. Schoener's Italian Miniature Painting on Ivory, may be seen by calling as above. Oct. 15.

COMBS,

IN all their variety of material and kind, including a large assortment of the recently imported FRENCH PATTERN DRESS COMBS, are now offered for sale at No. 54 Washington Street, five doors north of State Street; where, also, may be found, at the lowest prices, an extensive stock of FANCY ARTICLES, JEWELRY, BEADS, PERFUMERY, &c. &c.

☞ The Wrought and Plain SHELL COMBS mended to order. Sept. 15.



MUSIC SALOON,

No. 36 Cornhill, formerly Market Street.

FOR SALE—LONDON and AMERICAN manufactured *PIANO FORTES, warranted*, and may be exchanged if they prove not satisfactory to the purchaser.

Also—New and Fashionable MUSIC for the Piano, viz: Songs, Duetts, Glees, Waltzes, Marches, Airs with variations, Blank Music Books, &c. &c. *at reduced prices.*

☞ PIANOS to let by the Month, Quarter, or Year. July 15.

MISS L. CHAPLIN,

HABIT, PELISSE AND DRESS MAKER,

Over Messrs. Lemist & Warden's Fashionable Dry Goods Store,

CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND SUMMER STREETS.

Entrance second door in Summer St.

MISS L. C. receives regularly the London World of Fashion, the Royal Lady's Magazine, and La Belle Assemblée; and is prepared to make Pelisses and Habits in the most new and fashionable style.

Boston, Oct. 15.

THE BOSTON MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND MONTHLY.

THE design of the BOSTON MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL is to offer to the Physician and Surgeon, in a convenient form and at short intervals, facts and observations which will be useful in actual practice.

Its weekly form adapts it admirably well to the brief periods of leisure for reading enjoyed by active practitioners of the Healing Art, and enables the Editor to make it the earliest herald, on this side the Atlantic, of newly-discovered remedies, of new and enlightened modes of practice, and in fact of all those lights which are shed and shedding so abundantly abroad on the advancing steps of Medical Science. The Original Department is also enriched by many Communications of rare value; and, under the Boston Head, there is given a sketch of whatever of interest is going on in the Medical World. Every number contains sixteen large octavo pages, making two volumes a year of 420 pages each.

This Journal is also published on the 1st of every month in PARTS, each Part comprising the numbers of the preceding month. These are stitched in a neatly-printed Cover containing the Table of Contents, Medical Advertisements, &c., and are promptly forwarded to those subscribers who prefer receiving the work in this form.

The price for either the Weekly or Monthly Series is $3,00 a year in advance, $3,50 if not paid within three months, and $4,00 if not paid within the year.

CLAPP & HULL, PUBLISHERS.

184 *Washington Street, Boston, Massachusetts.*

AGENTS FOR THE ATHENEUM.

MAINE.—*Portland*, S. Colman.—*Eastport*, Hiram S. Favor.—*Gardiner*, W. Palmer.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—*Portsmouth*, J. W. Foster.—*Dover*, S. C. Stevens.—*Concord*, Marsh, Capen & Lyon.—*Keene*, George Tilden.

VERMONT.—*Burlington*, Chauncey Goodrich—*Brattlehoro'*, George H. Peck.—*Castleton*, B. Burt, 2d.—*St. Albans*, Henry Wells.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Salem*, Whipple & Lawrence.—*Cambridge*, William Hilliard.—*Worcester*, Clarendon Harris.—*New Bedford*, W. C. Taber.—*Plymouth*, Collier & Bartlett.—*Hingham*, Jedidiah Farmer—*Springfield*, A. G. Tannatt.—*Nantucket*, Geo. W. Ewer.—*Greenfield*, Alanson Clark.—*Taunton*, Daniel Brewer.—*Lowell*, Meacham & Mathewson.—*Newburyport*, Charles Whipple.—*Northampton*, W Atwell.—*E. Bridgewater*, George Brown.

RHODE ISLAND—*Providence*, George Dana.—*Newport*, W. & J. H. Barber.

CONNECTICUT.—*New Haven*, Hezekiah Howe; A. H. Maltby.—*Hartford*, H. & F. J. Huntington.—*Norwich*, Thomas Robinson.—*Middletown*, W. Starr.

NEW YORK.—*New York*, Peabody & Co., 233 Broadway; Charles S. Francis—*Albany*, Little & Cummings.—*Troy*, Kemble & Hill.—*Rochester*, C. & M. Morse.—*Canandaigua*, Bemis & Ward.—*Utica*, J. A. Sherman; W. Williams.—*Auburn*, H. Oliphant.—*Buffalo*, Oliver G. Steele & Co.—*Oswego*, H. P. Hardy.—*West Milton*, W. Spier, Esq. P.M.

NEW JERSEY.—*Trenton*, Joseph Justice.—*Paterson*, David Burnett.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Philadelphia*, Carey & Hart, E. Littell.—*Pittsburg*, Johnson & Stockton.—*Harrisburgh*, Henry Gowen.—*Lewistown*, R. C. Green.

DELAWARE.—*Wilmington*, Jos. Scott.

MARYLAND.—*Baltimore*, Edward J. Coale.—*Newtown Trap*, J. Thomas, P.M.

VIRGINIA.—*Norfolk*, Christopher Hall; E. P. Nash & Co.—*Richmond*, J. H. Nash.—*Fredericksburg*, W. F. Gray.—*Lynchburg*, J. D. Murrill, Esq. P.M.—*Charlottesville*, C. P. McKennie.—*Wheeling*, A. & E. Picket; *Winchester*, John D. Lee.

NORTH CAROLINA.—*Newbern*, Salmon Hall.—*Raleigh*, Joseph Gales & Son.—*Fayetteville*, John M'Rea.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—*Charleston*, E. S. Duryea.—*Columbia*, J. R. & W. Cunningham.

GEORGIA.—*Savannah*, W. T. Williams.—*Augusta*, W. A. Kain.—*Milledgeville*, Wm. Green.—*Macon*, W. Rose & Co.

OHIO.—*Cincinnati*, C. D. Bradford & Co.; Editor Cincinnati American.—*Columbus*, Isaac N. Whiting.

KENTUCKY.—*Lexington*, Thos. Smith.—*Louisville*, W. W. Worsley.—*Frankfort*, Wm. Wood.

TENNESSEE.—*Reynoldsburgh*, Jas. M. Haralson.—*Nashville*, Eichbaum & Norvell.

ALABAMA.—*Mobile*, Odiorne & Smith.—*Huntsville*, P. T. Posey.

MISSISSIPPI.—*Natchez*, F. Beaumont.

LOUISIANA.—*New Orleans*, Simeon Horne.

MISSOURI.—*St. Louis*, Lovejoy & Miller.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—*Washington City*, Coale & Co.—*Georgetown*, James Thomas.

MICHIGAN.—*Detroit*, J. Morvell, Esq. P. M.

BRITISH PROVINCES.—*Quebec*, Joseph Tardif.—*Montreal*, J. A. Hoisington & Co.—*Kingston*, E. Leslie & Son.—*Halifax*, Joseph Howe.—*St. Johns, N. B.*, L. W. Durant.

THE Atheneum is published on the 1st and 15th of every month. The numbers for the 1st of each month will be embellished with two or more elegant colored whole-length Portraits of Ladies in the Latest Fashions, and frequently Fashionable Bonnets and Head Dresses, of new and beautiful Patterns; and as they are selected by a Lady of approved taste, our fair friends can depend on their being the latest modes adopted by numerous Ladies of Fashion. The numbers for the 15th will contain a beautiful Drawing in Lithography, or a Copperplate Engraving, finished in a superior manner. The Atheneum contains 1296 pages a year, in two volumes; nearly 40 Illustrations of the Fashions; and 12 Lithographic Drawings and Copperplate Engravings. THE PRICE IS REDUCED TO FIVE DOLLARS, IN ADVANCE. Twenty-five per cent. added, semi-annually, to all subscriptions that remain unpaid.